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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXIV, No. 592. SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1924. TWOPENCE

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

What Labour means to Do!

by THE RT. HON J. R. CLYNES

Leader of the House of Commons

The "Ins" & "Outs" of the "P. D" Whisky bottle

THERE are many "ins" and "outs" in the distilling, blending and maturing of whisky, but they are not of the kind necessary for you to know in order to find the finest whisky.

It is the "ins" and "outs" of the new Peter Dawson bottle that will enable you to do this. The "brambles" and "dimples" that wink at you with pride and pleasure when you look at them. These "brambles" and "dimples" are there to safeguard the genuinely old, wood-matured contents of the "P.D" bottle, which in the past has suffered too much from the imitations of inferior whiskies. You want the whisky in the "brambled and dimpled" bottle. Make that clear to your dealer and you'll get your reward.

"P.D" is the whisky you can't drown.

PETER DAWSON LIMITED *Distillers*

82 Great Clyde St., Glasgow. *London Office:* Lion House, 29-39 Tower Hill, E.C

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" send your cheque for £1 10s. od. to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent.

HERE'S A BARGAIN!
EASTER COSTUME for 4/6-
33/9 cash

Deposit and 4/6 monthly. The "Richmond," our special design for this season, is Tailor-made. Good workmanship and as smart a Costume as any lady could wish to wear. Lovat Tweed in Bluey, Browny and Old Rose Mixtures. Fancy buckle to belt. Exact as illustration. Perfect cut and finish that will please the most particular. Price only 33/9 cash or 37/6 on Easy Terms. Send 4/6 now, with bust measure, say size preferred, and you have the costume to wear while paying for it. Satisfaction or Deposit refunded. Sample of Material Free.

33/9. Cash with order

MASTERS
83, Hope Stores, RYE.

JU-JU'S LUCK
IS BECOMING A BYWORD.

It is an amazing harvest of good fortune. Do not despise Ju-Ju's help. This famous Nigerian Mascot almost compels success. Here is proof from actual letters received:—

"I have tried for ten years for prizes, and I won a substantial prize last week." B.

"I have had phenomenal luck in my investments in the Share Market." J. H. T., Nice.

"My luck changed the same day we got it." E. M., Fulham.

"Everything I have touched prospered." G. C., Glasgow.

Say good-bye to ill-fortune. Wear Ju-Ju and win Fortune's smile.
Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.
JU-JU SOCIETY,
5, Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

GRAMOPHONES
Best value in the World.

GRAVES

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14 x 7½in.) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box. Price £3 : 10 ; 0
Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.
CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Hair-Growing Discovery

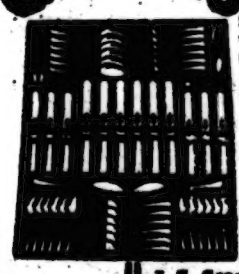
Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53C.C.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

STAINLESS CUTLERY

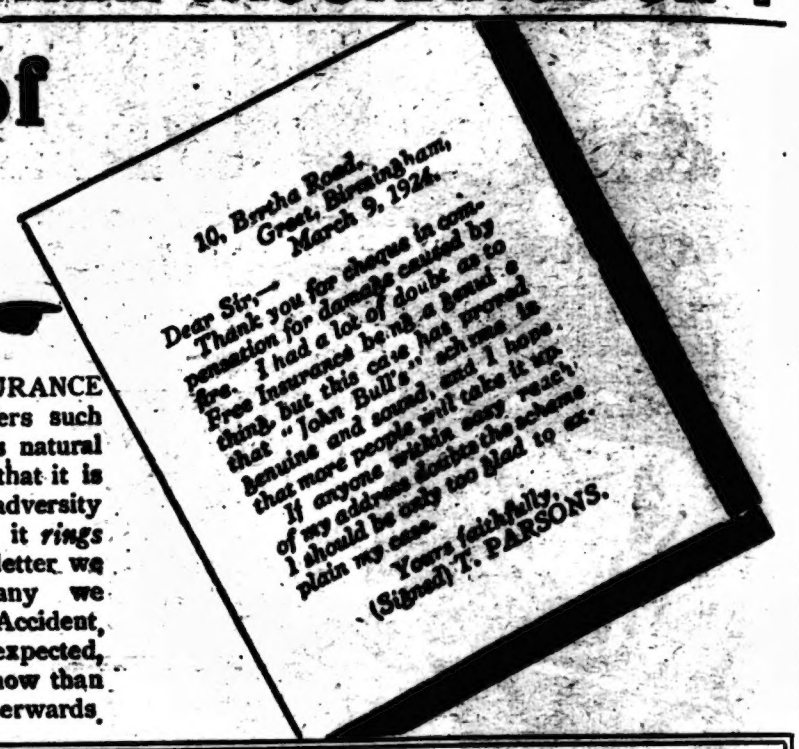
GRAVES



Complete service of 48 pieces, £3 : 5 : 0 (without case). The finest Stainless Steel Knives with ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons and Forks. Wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 5/- monthly. Money back if disappointed.
5/ NOW
CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery, and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

If it's proof you want here it is—



10, Bertha Road,
Green, Birmingham,
March 9, 1924.

Dear Sir,—
Thank you for cheque in compensation for damage caused by fire. I had a lot of doubt as to Free Insurance being a genuine claim, but this case has proved that "John Bull's" cash gift is genuine and sound, and I hope that more people will take it up. If anyone within easy reach of my address doubts the scheme I should be only too glad to explain my case.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) T. PARSONS.

The "JOHN BULL" FREE INSURANCE GIFT is so comprehensive, and offers such generous benefits, that it is perhaps natural that some of our readers should feel that it is "too good to be true." But when adversity comes they are quick to realise that it *rings true* when put to the test. The letter we publish is typical of the many we receive by almost every post. Fire, Accident, Sickness—they all come when least expected. It is far better to sign the forms now than to have only vain regrets afterwards.

What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE.

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME & GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£500 — loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500 — if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 — or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10 — Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s. — for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250 — in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—
Football, Tennis,
Cricket, Hockey,
Golf, Lacrosse,
as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250 — If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a paying boarder on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath provided that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

Total Benefits Now Paid—12,019

"CUT HERE"
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....
Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 12/4/24.

"CUT HERE"
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

J.B. 12/4/24.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.
Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and the FREE Gift of a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil. If I keep same, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent cross P.O./cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull"
J.B. 12.4.24

A Superb Easter Gift!

The "John Bull" Pen

and a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

First see this Bargain before parting with any money

What a superb gift for a friend this Easter—or yourself. And see what you save! The 'John Bull' 5/- Pen, guaranteed for two years, has all the refinements of the 21/6 article—a 14 ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped; lever self-filling device and safety screw cap. Included FREE is a 3/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil with rubber and refills.

Send no money

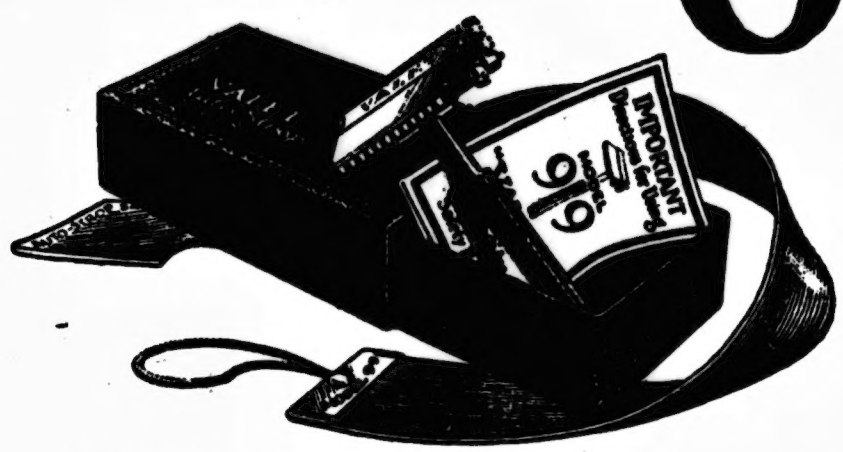
A Self Stropping Safety Razor Set complete for 2/6

AT LAST the perfect shave is made possible for every man.

The "VALET" device, which at the cost of a guinea has already for thousands turned a duty into a luxury, may be yours to-day for half-a-crown. This "No. 99" Set, though less expensively constructed, is equally as serviceable as the well-known guinea model.

You slip the strop through the head of the razor and slide it to and fro. In ten seconds the "VALET" blade has a brand new edge—as good to use thirty days hence as it was to-day.

Then a few soft strokes and you're shaved—clean! No painful drag due to a dull blade, no changing that blade when you're late already. Swift, certain, comfortable—that is the "VALET" way.



"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

This is the new Half-Crown Set
containing the essentials for a perfect "VALET" shave—the razor, one blade and strop in neat case. If your dealer does not stock it, the manufacturers will send it post free on receipt of a postal order for 2/6.

Don't forget to slip your "VALET" set into your Easter suitcase.

BRITISH MADE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 197—207, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 *OF ALL DEALERS*

The staying power of

CEPEA SERGE

Shirts and Pyjamas

is one of their distinguishing qualities. The fabric, strong and durable, is yet soft and comfortable — The choice, clean colours unusually permanent. Further, every garment is an *exact* fit and stands the strain of constant wear.

The round tab guarantees a fast and fadeless fabric and full satisfaction in wear. Sold by Hosiers and Outfitters.

Trade Mark.

THE CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION Ltd.
Advertising Department - - - MANCHESTER

Ask for Wills's

GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

69A

2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 680A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled: lined in colours, sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

Mead

Tyres Company (1921) Ltd. Dept. B387h, Birmingham

Accept one £5 5s. CASH

PHILLIPS RUBBERS
'Treble Wear'

JUNO BABY CARS

Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY
Cash from £2-19-6
Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS NOW! (Dept. D3), Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 168 & 246, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

RICHARD III.
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse and a tin of

"YADIL" PASTILLES TO STRENGTHEN MY VOICE"

Price 1/- per tin from all chemists or sent, post free, on receipt of remittance

Prepared by
CLEMENT & JOHNSON LTD.
19 Sicilian Avenue
London, W.C.1
W.B.

A POSTCARD BRINGS IT

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

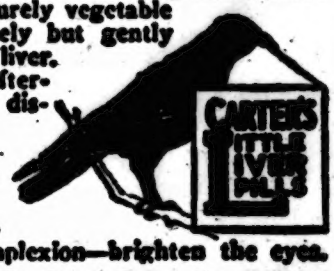
WAITE NOW! Send a postcard to-day for H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK of 3,000 Bargains. It's packed with Sensational Factory Price Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, etc., with lists of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers.

Fine Claw Set Ring 18ct. mount 34/-

FULL MONTH'S TRIAL
H. SAMUEL,
190, Market St., MANCHESTER
H. Samuel, Ltd.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills never fail. Purely vegetable act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after-dinner distress—correct indigestion; improve the complexion—brighten the eyes.



Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 12-4-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Pride-of-the" Hamilton

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Dining-room, Drawing-room, Bedroom, Library, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

12/6

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match, thereby increasing Records Endeavour of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 12-4-24, when writing. (Estab. hlfwd over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Wedderby Rd, City of Leeds.

AN EASTER GIFT FOR EVERY LADY

14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11

A direct 6/- saving on your new Corset is just that real dress economy which you will appreciate, and in offering this magnificent new Model Ambron Gold Medal 14/11 Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, Ambron Wilson presents you with a Bargain that has never been equalled.

This is the identical Corset which leaders of fashion, dress journals and corset critics are all praising. Never has a corset been designed and made which so completely delights the eye, fits the figure, and suits the pocket. It is a corset classic, true to every principle making for elegance and attractiveness, and is by far the easiest and healthiest garment ever worn. Better still, it will outlast two ordinary corsets and thus give you double Value in Durability.

Sent at Once for Deposit of 1/-

Not only 6/- off its price, but an unprejudiced home trial, for the 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11 is sent on Approval if you merely forward 1/- Deposit with Coupon below. Then you see for yourself what an incredible Bargain is offered, for you have ample time to go into every detail and study every feature. When you are convinced of its worth, send but 1/- weekly until paid for. But send Coupon at once.

Miss CLARICE MAYNE, *the popular favourite, writes:—"The Ambron Corset is wonderfully well designed in every detail and delightful to wear."*

Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN, *the charming Co-optimist, writes: "The Ambron Corset is a distinctly well-created Corset, and enhances the figure lines most artistically."*

This New Ambron Model is cut with bust 2 inches above waist line, as present vogue. It is shaped with Duplex Rustless Supports, cloth cased and reinforced at ends, fitted with wedge-shape busk and Four Adjustable Suspenders, detachable. Corset is easily washed without removal of busk, trimmings, or supports.

EASTER GIFT COUPON.

By which you get a 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11. Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper to which pin this coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 New 1924 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11 on approval. My measurements are:—

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. part postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: .

Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 30 ins. 1/6 extra

X "John Bull," 12/4/24. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to AMBRON WILSON LTD. 409, Alton House, 76, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

The nicest thing in tins!

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

Tatcho-tone for Grey Hair. 25th ANNIVERSARY.

If you send in two empty cartons during this month you will receive free of all cost, post free even, the wonderful Geo. K. Sims Tatcho Hair Health Brush. Without cartons the Brush may be obtained of all Chemists and Stores.

Price 5s. 6d.

TATCHO CO., S., 61, Queen St., London, W.C.2.

BIKE BARGAINS

From £5-5-0 cash

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/- WEEKLY

The O'Brien

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
Dept 27 COVENTRY.

GRAVES

SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Finest Value in the World

3 RING COSTUME FOR 9/-

Balance by easy instalments of 11/- MONTHLY.

THIS fashionable costume of fine quality soft French tie cloth is richly embroidered on pockets, cuffs and collar. A low vale of silk motes is obtained with gusset at each side, and the coat fastens with a tie. Exceptional value at 9/6.

Write for patterns and booklet, "This Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF 1ST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure

LEACH & HARDY, Dept. J.B. 20, Brown St., Manchester.

THE 'BOLTON'

Direct from Factory.

No. 81. Great reduction in price. Beautifully upholstered and painted. Durable and strong, yet light to handle. For child lying down or sitting up. REDUCED to

£2.17.6

Carriage paid on approval. Send for Free Catalogue "J." 250 Illustrations.

S. BOLTON, Ltd., 69, Kingsland Road, London, N.1.

69, Morton Rd., Imperial Parade, Wimbledon, S.W. 47, Dartmouth Rd., Forest Hill S.E., and 61, Crouch Hill, N.4.

Positively Closing APRIL 17

All applications for tickets must bear a postmark not later than midnight, 17th April. Once having got your ticket you have until 30th April to think out your solution and to send it in.

Don't Miss Such a GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to turn HALF-A-CROWN into £5,000

So be quick, don't delay, buy your tickets at once in the

BLIND BALLOT

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind (*Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920*)

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences; and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from 12, Oxford St., Manchester; and from The Hon. Treasurer, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s)

I enclose {P.O. Cheque} value .....and stamped addressed envelope,

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please write distinctly and in ink.) J.B.13.

Money in Birds!

Do you know that there's Money in Birds? Thousands of people are making a fine living at it. Either sex—men or women—can easily make a steady income in their SPARE TIME by keeping and rearing Cage Birds at home. No hard work or worry. Canaries, Hybrids, Love Birds, and other happy, little, care-free pets can earn for YOU Golden Sovereigns. We show you how it's done. It's like "a trade in your hands," but learned easily, quickly, enjoyably, and PROFITABLY. This is a grand opportunity. No matter where you live or how small your accommodation, if you devote a little of your spare time each day now you might soon be a big Prize Winner. In any case an enormous "ready-cash" market is waiting for all the pretty songsters you can rear. The Money-Making Breeding Season shortly commences. If you want to add to your income quickly and easily, don't delay a minute. Write now for Free Particulars of this wonderfully fascinating and profitable hobby. Golden Opportunity may even now be knocking at your door. Send a postcard with your name and address to THE KINGSTON AVIARIES, 204, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Goldstone's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £5/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 91, Roseneditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—W. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 68, High Street, Manchester.

TO SHOPKEEPERS, etc.—We supply large or small quantities of Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated List free on request. —S. MOSCO, 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

DRAPERY and Men's Outfitting lines at keenest prices. Send for Wholesale Price List. Betts and Co., 7, Hounds Gate, Nottingham.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List. — S. MENDEL (Dept. B.), 65, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

PENTS, Blouse Lengths (Wholesale), assorted bales. Big profits assured. List free. Guaranteed satisfaction.—Goldstone's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH

CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China — Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery etc. Grand Value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work supply by Illustrated Catalogues and particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time), offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 28, Friar Lane, Leicester.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DO THESE JOBS TEMPT YOU?

A THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR (two men); £900 a year; £650 a year, £5 a week, £7 to £10 a week (six men); £500 to £900 a year (seven men); £500 a year, £400 a year, £7 a week. These are some of the salaries that Wallace Attwood Trained Salesmen are now earning, as reported to the College at the beginning of February, and the records of which have been inspected by the municipal officials. Mr. Wallace Attwood has found over one thousand positions for Salesmen whom he has trained during the last two and a half years. A Trained Salesman never has to STRIKE for higher pay. His employers are eager to pay him every pound he is worth. If you want to train during your spare time, and in six months as a Salesman or Commercial Traveller, under one of Britain's Leading Teachers of Scientific Salesmanship, and secure a position in any part of the country when you have completed the Course, apply immediately for an interesting free book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." —THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, 29T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7468).

BECOME a Motor-car Salesman and earn £5 to £50 weekly. An outdoor profession in which there is never unemployment. You can train yourself by correspondence in spare time.—Write, School of Motor Salesmanship, 79, Davies Street, London, W.1.

A BARGAIN (cut and keep address).—Will be worth a Treasury note presently for seaside and City sits. wanted and vac. Ex-Guides, Hotel and General Staff supplied. Principal est. 40 years. Hotel prop. writes to-day as follows: "We pay FEE for supplies and support your efforts to save workers charges beyond the £5/5 registration."—To U.K. Central Agy., 9, Green Street, Leicester Square, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, M. Lovelace (Dept. J.B.), 142, Roseneditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

500 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Contains 120 Spare-time Employments, 41 Money-making Schemes (small capitalists), 300 Trade Secrets, 150 Patent Medicine Formulas, 1/6, post paid. — J. & B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

A BUSINESS can be started without capital, or with a small capital, by anyone—even by those possessing no business experience. There is no need to waste time looking for vacant appointments—create your own. A book has been published entitled "The Gateway to Business." This work is different from anything yet published. It describes in detail and in a simple form 32 distinct businesses, how to start them and what to do from beginning to end. —Write for free booklet, giving full details of the book, to British Printing Trust, Ltd. (Room 139, 47, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 19, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

WRITE for samples of Cloth, Costume or Suit; also Boots, Watches, etc.; easy terms, from 4/- monthly. List free.—Masters, Ltd., RYE.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-273, Holloway Road, N.7.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Rate: 8/- a line (Minimum 24/-). 57, Long Acre, W.C.2.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for lists (Ltd.) and particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

CYCLISTS, HERE'S A GIFT!—A postcard brings you FREE by far and away the biggest, best illustrated, most entertaining and in every way THE GREATEST BARGAINS BOOK yet issued. 164 PAGES crammed with thousands of truly staggering offers. Cycles from £3/17/6. Tyres as low as 2/11, fully 30 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere. Accessories innumerable—astonishingly cheap. Write for this wonderful book to-day. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 69, Padiham, Burnley.

SUIT CASE, Ore Fibre, 2 slide locks, 22 in. 9/6; 24 in., 10/9; 26 in., 11/9.—C. F. Vecchi, Carlisle Buildings, Eastbourne.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on easy terms.—Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers: best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MASSAGE Experts wanted, everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn £7/6 to £1/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Swan Inst., Tooting Grove, Portsmouth.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Your whole future may depend upon the advertisement on this page of The Wallace Attwood College under "Situations Vacant." Hoping and wishing won't bring you success. Prove your ambition by reading the advertisement NOW.

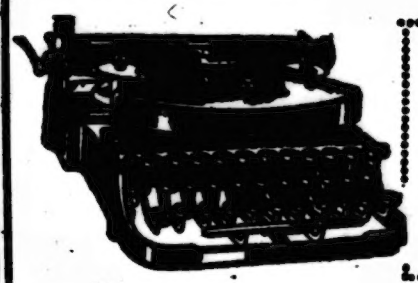
MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Hd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 18, Holborn, London.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/6, motors, 12/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest, 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 129, Old Street, London.

A Wonderful Offer Seize it — *NOW!*



A NEW "BLICK" ON EASY TERMS

21/- MONTHLY

and a small preliminary payment secures this High-Grade Typewriter AT. ONCE and you pay WHILE ACTUALLY USING IT.

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IF you are a writer, or aspire to become one, it is essential that your MSS. be neatly typed, if they are to "catch the Editor's eye." To have this work done by someone else not only wastes time, but costs money. Save both by typing your work yourself—

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Every machine is fully guaranteed for THREE YEARS. Anyone can learn to operate the Blick in an hour. It will relieve you of many hours of labour, and make letter writing a pleasure. It takes up little room in its neat travelling case, and will do all that an expensive machine can do. This handsome writing machine will be delivered to you immediately upon receipt of preliminary payment. Send at once for Folder No. 194 free, which gives full particulars.

BLICK UNIVERSAL

BLICK TYPEWRITER CO., LTD., 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

SUEDE LEATHER, all beautiful colours 6d. ft. Buy direct. Send 2d. stamp for set of patterns.—Catt, Leather Wks., Northampton.

LADIES' Hand-beaded Heavy Silk Stockinette Jumpers, all shades, 12/9. Post free. State colour.—Kornfield, J. B. Dept., 282, Bethnal Green Road, London, E.2.

LOOK! SACRIFICING.—Ladies' pure silk high-grade Stockings, perfect finish, latest colours, 4/11 pair, worth 6/11, 3 pairs 14/-. GENT'S wool Cashmere Socks, English make, black or colours, 3 pairs 6/3, post free. Satisfaction or money refunded.—Mann, 163, Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

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OVER 3,000 successes at professional examinations in 1923. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired. Send postcard to-day for "Guide to Careers in Business," 140 pp., free.—METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, Dept. 21, ST. ALBANS.

JAZZ Outfits, Concertinas, Accordions, Banjos, Mandolins, Autoharps, Ducitones, Violins, Lists. —Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS Sets by easy payments. Perfect reception. "Listen in" while paying. Free List. — Townsends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arties Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 2½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet. —Eldrard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES can be positively and speedily cured with YROC, the ancient Italian Monastery skin remedy. Absolutely never fails. 1/3 tin sufficient severest case.—YROC, 334H, Green Lanes, N.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing complaint in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." 3/- bottle, at Boots' or post free from "PARKER'S REMEDY," 18, James St., Liverpool. Write for particulars.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Eruptions, Psoriasis, Eczema, Sores. "PURALETS" always succeed. Trial free.—Percival Productions, Ltd., 102, St. Albans.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS—use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (17830), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

RELIABLE Rupture Remedy.—Do you want cheapest and best appliance made, guaranteed to hold your Rupture under all strains on trial terms. Cat. free.—Pope, 11, Canning Street, Liverpool.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 45 pills 2/-. Double quantity, 1/3, post free.—HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

RUPTURE TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—A certain cure, instant relief guaranteed. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, failure impossible. This new scientific discovery SENT ON TRIAL. Call, write or 'phone for sworn testimonials and booklet "A." L. Brasseur Surgical Manuf. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 30, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office: 99, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

AMAZING SKIN CURES.—600 years old. The guarded secret of an Italian monastery. YROC, the wonderful skin remedy, now available to all sufferers. Positively never fails to cure Piles, Psoriasis, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores, 1/3. p.f.—YROC, 334J, Green Lanes, N.4.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

BLUSHING, Nervousness.—Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PEOPLE. Weight can be quickly reduced without the least danger by a course of Marienbad Anti-Obesity Tablets (F.F., 1076). Box (in plain wrapper), 2/6, post free, from Gordon's, Chemists, 471, Union Street, Aberdeen.

NASAL CATARRH and Chronic Colds quickly and permanently cured. Batten's Catarrh Cure. Price 3/-.—(Dept. J.) 7, Balfour Road, London, N.5.

BAD LEGS CURED.—No matter how long you have suffered, Fenolis Ointment never fails. 1/3 per box.—Fenolis, 4, Oswald, Hortus Road, Southall.

EYESIGHT TESTING.

OUR PRECIOUS EYESIGHT.—If failing, consult the Eye Expert, Mr. Lawrence, F.S.M.C., F.B.O.A., F.I.O., 26, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Charges most reasonable.

FOR THE HOME.

USEFUL & ORNAMENTAL.—Beautiful art plaques, Hang on wall or teapot stand, etc. 3/- pair P.F.—Thomas & Wetton, 122, Cambridge Rd., Kilburn, N.W. Money returned if not satisfied.

BARGAIN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A rack case containing ½ doz. finest quality Firth's Stainless dessert knives, ½ doz. dessert N.S. forks, ½ doz. N.S. dessert spoons, ½ doz. N.S. teaspoons for 30/-, complete. Post free. These are unequalled for quality at this SPECIAL PRICE.—Send your order and remittance NOW to W. N. Roden & Co., 69, Cannock Road, Park Village, Wolverhampton. If not entirely satisfied your money will be refunded in FULL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

RUG MAKING!—Send 6d. for coloured charts and simple directions for 8 beautiful rugs. Wools from 1/6 lb. Samples free.—Stoddart, Dept. J.B., Empire Works, Halifax.

HALVE Your Coal Bill by using Colsato. The real coal saver. 1/- box sufficient for 1 cwt.—J. Grant Co., 12, Edgecombe Rd., S.E.5.

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT; 2/- per tooth on metal; also old gold, disused jewellery, diamonds, etc.; cash by return.—Campbell, 103, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

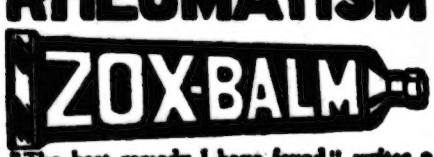
A BOOK ON HERBS.—How to blend, make and take them; sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

DOUGLAS, Isle of Man.—Delightful Holidays. Tents and Bungalows—Free Booklet from J. L. Cunningham, Holiday Camp-de-Luxe, DOUGLAS.

AN ERROR

occurred in the printing of the advertisement of "The Radio" Lighter for Smokers which appeared on page 3 of last week's *John Bull*. In the description of this wonderful invention it stated "costs only 1d. per day." One penny a day is what the average smoker pays for matches, but the "Radio" Lighter actually only costs that per MONTH. What a saving! The "Radio" Lighter is only 2/6 post free from The Commercial Trading Corpn., 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

WHY TOLERATE RHEUMATISM



"The best remedy I have found" writes a sufferer from Rheumatism. If you suffer from any Muscular Aches and Sprains, Bruises, Neuralgia or Neuritis, try a tube of Zox-Balm and get quick relief. 1/3 and 2/6 of Chemists, etc. If difficulty in obtaining sent Post Free for 1/3. *Write for Pamphlet.*

The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO IN 15 MINUTES

TO APPRECIATE, in an instant, what the Naunton National Music System means to you—how simply you can become a thorough musician, *playing real tunes correctly, with both hands, in the very first lesson*—you have only to grasp this one fact:

IT CUTS OUT ALL THE COMPLICATIONS.

Just that is the difference between this modern, rapid, perfect method of tuition and the *out-of-date drudgery*—which begins with scales and exercises, sharps, flats, and technique, and frequently ends there.

Did you master the intricacies of grammar before you learnt to talk?

Did you study English Literature before learning to write?

Were you trained as an athlete before you began to walk?

Do you have to be a Marconi before you can listen in?

THEN WHY, in music alone, should there be this extraordinary fetish for beginning the wrong way round? Under the Naunton System you begin to play just as naturally as you began to talk.

YOU PLAY your first tunes with your first simple lesson: and all the "grammar" of music—the theory and technique—comes to you just as simply, while you play more and more for the entertainment of yourself and others. This Simplified System that

MAKES MUSIC EASY

is clearly explained in Naunton's "Special No. 1" which you may obtain by means of the coupon below. Remember that it makes no difference how old you are, to which sex you belong, *or whether or not you have had a music lesson in your life.*

UNDER THE SPECIAL OFFER made to-day we will send you, as explained below, Eight Tunes—melodies and hymns—*which we guarantee you can play at once.* You will then see how, by the wonderful Naunton System, you can have the whole realm of Music at your fingers' ends without drudgery.

FREE TO ALL.

RESIDENTS IN LONDON and visitors from the provinces are invited to the Free Demonstrations daily at 3 p.m., and on Mondays and Wednesdays at 7 p.m., at 27, High-st., Oxford-st., W.C.2 (three doors from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station).

10,000 Testimonials have been received from Naunton students who, when they began, knew no more about music than you do. They are now capable musicians, able at sight to read and play any piece of music.

YOU CANNOT FAIL.

Send only 1s. 6d. with this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System.
John Bull, 12/4/1924.
27, High Street, Oxford Street, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE. Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System.

To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

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ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

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SHE: (studying the "BLACK CAT" Free Gift Book):—"You've already had a shaving brush, razor blades, ties and a pipe, and I've had some Cluny lace, a pair of scissors and a hand-bag. Now let's get something for the house. We've saved 275 coupons, what about this pretty butter dish and knife?"

Let us send you a copy of the FREE GIFT BOOKLET

You, too, can get any of these useful and practical gifts FREE in exchange for the coupons contained in packets of BLACK CAT, the cool, mild, delicate flavoured Virginia Cigarettes at 10 for 6d.

FILL IN THE COUPON and start collecting to-day.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To: THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.,
Dept. 8 *Arcadia Works*, City Road, LONDON, E.C.2

Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Vol. XXXV. No. 938
Week ending Saturday,
April 12, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9855.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Shadows.

When Labour took office, we prophesied that the mines would prove their acid test. What we foresaw then has now come about.

Sandbagging Negotiations.

The fundamental weakness of the Labour Party is that the trade unions dominate policy. The Government has been dragooned into promising to introduce the Minimum Wage Bill.

Wages—always Wages.

From the beginning the big unions, backed by the Trade Union Congress, have looked on the Government merely as an instrument for advancing sectional aims.

Destroying Confidence.

The result is that the public, realising what would happen if Labour had power as well as office, are becoming increasingly unwilling to give it to them. They see no evidence of any really national vision in their political doctrines.

Fratricide.

Our warning that Labour's friends would prove its worst enemies has been amply justified. Starting with every good will, the Government now moves in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

The Lost Opportunity.

It is the one Party that could have been expected to conceive an industrial policy on truly national lines. The price of failure will be paid before long.

Make Restitution!

Since 1920, Budget surpluses have totalled over £400,000,000. This represents money unnecessarily taken from the taxpayer. We look to Mr. Snowden to avoid a repetition of such crazy finance.

Incompetent Muddlers.

Having won a place in the private members' ballot, the Conservative Party could think of nothing better than an academic discussion on the Capital Levy. Time wasters!

Where Has He Lived?

Mr. G. N. Barnes is anxious to know what effect Protection would have on prices. Let us remind him of Lord Balfour's dictum: "The object of Protection is to raise prices."

Protection!

The Government refuses to change its policy whereby local authorities are forbidden to buy whereby local authorities are forbidden to buy in the cheapest market. It looks as though the Election was largely fought about nothing!

A False Division.

The sharp line drawn by certain politicians between Socialism and Individualism is an entirely artificial one. The wise policy for this country in the future will be a blend of both.

No More Secrecy.

We congratulate the Government on its decision to submit all Treaties to the House of Commons before ratification. Why not before signature?

For a Start.

When skilled engineers are being paid less than dustmen, it is time something was done. There should be a general survey of the whole field of production with a view to more co-ordination.

The Air Strike.

For once we are all on the side of a strike. Every time a pilot goes up he risks his life—and the lives of his passengers. He is most fitted to determine whether or not conditions are safe.

Terrorism.

The unauthorised Wembley strike was symptomatic of the disjointed times. It is typical of the wanton obstruction that is mistaken by the hotheads for democracy.

Too Many Revolvers.

The public is alarmed at the way in which armed thieves and murderers get away with their plunder. The Bordon bank crime is a further instance. Why was Scotland Yard not called in *at once?*

England's Disgrace.

"Avoidable maternal deaths are a matter of everyday occurrence," says Dr. Janet Campbell. We commend that word "avoidable" to the notice of the Ministry of Health.

Clip Their Wings!

The Government's Housing Scheme promises three million houses in fifteen years. Now watch the rings prepare for action!

Our Net Sales.

Despite strikes and industrial uncertainty our circulation is still forging ahead. This completely justifies our independent outlook—and now for the million mark!

"JOHN BULL" NET PAID SALES

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,—We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of John Bull, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

Jan.	5	815,131
"	12	803,179
"	19	804,580
"	26	791,371
Feb.	2	809,967
"	9	805,470
"	16	806,760
"	23	809,546
Mar.	1	807,965
"	8	822,885
"	15	816,290
"	22	816,703
"	29	824,884

(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.,
MARWICK MITCHELL & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,

London, 4th April, 1924.

Overdue.

It is good news that Viscount Chelmsford is beginning to comb out the swollen Admiralty staff. What about the War Office, Mr. Walsh?

Novelette Finance.

Can anyone tell us why £180,000 should be spent on Secret Service funds this year? A less polite name is spying—on whom and with what object?

Theory and Practice.

The Labour Party believes—and sincerely—in the reduction of armaments. For all that, it has estimated to spend nine and a half millions more on armaments this year than they cost last!

Delicate Problems.

The counterclaims of Russia, for damage caused by the intervention policy of previous British Governments, are likely to cause much bitter discussion at the coming conference.

Winston's Legacy.

Since our intervention was a direct breach of an international law—which we helped to frame—the facts must be squarely faced for the sake of our moral credit.

A Square Deal.

That must be our motto when reparation discussions are resumed with France. M. Poincaré's idea is that we should withdraw our claims on both Germany and France.

Political Balderdash.

Very nice—for M. Poincaré! Especially when he next suggests that we should lend money to Germany in order that she may pay France. The sooner he is rudely awakened the better for Europe.

Whose War was It?

Like France, Italy now wants us to forget all about war debts. But it is when she says Britain is enjoying "vast benefits" from the war that we cease to take her arguments seriously.

Hampered Trade.

Business men are anxious to see the end of the military occupation of Germany. So are we. Once more we demand that British troops should be brought home.

The Right Medium.

The German suggestion that military control in Germany should be vested in the League of Nations is, in our view, entirely proper. Either make the League a real force or scrap it.

But We can Guess!

All surplus war stock has now been sold for £665,000,000. The Disposals Board has so far tactfully refrained from saying what the real value of these colossal stores was.

Poisoned Food.

The Ministry of Health is contemplating measures to check the growing scandal of food adulteration. We have repeatedly urged such action against what is nothing less than a deliberate conspiracy against the nation's health.

The Methymaniacs.

At last the authorities have listened to our repeated exposures of the methylated spirit evil, and it is now to be rendered absolutely undrinkable. Good!

They Paid.

At the Palladium wounded soldiers listened in silence to "Songs we Sang 1914-18." They know the bitter cost of vamped-up war enthusiasm.

Off with the Old.

After running her greengrocery business for seventy years at Bromley, Mrs. Mary Browning received notice to quit the premises from the local council. "Old houses and old people have to go," she remarked, and in a few days the old lady herself had died. Could not the Council have waited awhile before their rash action?

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.

Normally, Florence Swann, of New Cross, is a milliner; she is now a blacksmith. Her father was taken ill, and to save his smithing business from damage and the little home from distress, Florence is wielding the hammer above the anvil with zeal. It is this unconquerable spirit on which the All-Red Empire has been built.

A Wife's Martyrdom.

Almost ever since her marriage fifteen years ago, Rosina Bates, of Tottenham, has been virtually a widow. For two long terms her husband has been in penal servitude. At the old Bailey, Mrs. Bates pleaded guilty to bigamy, but the Recorder to his credit refused to punish her. Lord Buckmaster's Bill would set her free to marry.

Beating down the Flames.

When little Hetty Crichton, of Charlotte Street, Glasgow, ran in terror into the street with her clothing ablaze, it was fortunate that a woman neighbour of the calibre of Mrs. Stevens was near. This brave woman ran to her aid and, in spite of the pain, with her bare hands smothered the flames which were causing the child so much torture. What protecting hearts women have!

Snubs for Snobs.

Just because the new Lord High Commissioner of Scotland was a miner, snobs of Edinburgh are boycotting the functions at Holyrood. Snobbery is usually an unknown quantity in Scotland, and we rejoice at the oblique snub administered by the Duke and Duchess of Atholl who are assisting the new Lord High Commissioner with advice; and the Marchioness of Ailsa, who is to be Mrs. Brown's lady-in-waiting.

An Amazing Assertion.

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, is responsible for the amazing announcement that in regard to cancer "there is no secret." Its cause, he declares, is almost invariably constipation. Such a categorical pronouncement upon a theme so momentous cannot be allowed to remain where it is or to rest upon the *ipse dixit* of a single medical man, however eminent. The profession as a whole should make its conclusions known.

Arresting the Dying.

Once again the police have subjected a dying man to the torture of being arrested on a false charge of drunkenness. The charge was withdrawn at the Guildhall, London, Inspector Crook informing the alderman that the man was taken ill at the police station and removed to hospital, where he died. We suggest that the police drop arrest as "first-aid" for the dying.

Murderous Mining.

It appears that more vigilant control could have avoided the terrible accident at the Robroyston Colliery, near Glasgow, when two men were killed and thirteen others severely injured through the overcrowding of a pit cage. The mortality among miners is one of the most appalling features of our industrial life. Sharp penalties should follow any relaxation of the safety rules, and a Labour Government should not shirk the task.

The Tardy Doctor.

Sad and lonely is the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Fish, of 78, Higher Temple Street, Manchester, now that their four-year-old boy they loved so dearly is dead. When he was ill and suffering the distracted mother appealed to a doctor, whose name was not disclosed at the inquest, to go to him. The doctor's reply was he "would do so if she would send a taxi to convey him to the house." When he did see the poor boy, the following day, it was too late. Doctors may not be compelled to respond to every appeal, but there are times when a mother's appeal should not be turned down.

Same Old Game.

The bogus bookmaker is still on the job, and hundreds of victims are found daily. It is time the newspapers accepting advertisements from these crooks faced their responsibilities. It is notorious that but for the "toleration" of those responsible for affording them publicity, few of these rogues could carry on.

A Greenock Grouse.

The officials of the Labour Exchange at Greenock must get a move on. On applying for their weekly remittance, many unemployed are getting but scant consideration. They are being served out with sums falling far below the amounts to which they are entitled, one poor fellow having to pay his way for a fortnight with five shillings. Get busy, Greenock!

Uncommon Common-sense.

"I would rather see young people in the pictures on a Sunday evening than in a public house or on the sandhills," says Canon Little, Vicar of Blackpool. In regard to Sunday games he adds, "it is better youths should play cricket than that they should be loafing about hedgerows with whippets or gambling secretly." Common-sense views!

A Case for the Cat.

Walter Kelly, of Oldham, is seventeen years old, but he does not appear to possess any of the elements of humanity. He persuaded five boys whose ages ranged from nine to thirteen to join him in a game of football, using a live cat as a ball, and between them they practically kicked the poor creature to pieces. It is difficult to conceive more shocking cruelty, yet the local Magistrates did no more than fine him £1 and his young accomplices 10s. If ever there was a case for corporal punishment, it is this.

The Human Machine.

LADDER BUILDING.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IN spite of innumerable facts to the contrary, mankind clings persistently to the belief that much that happens in our lives is due to chance.

Never was there a greater fallacy. From the beginning of time wise men have insisted that every thought and every act leaves an indelible mark on the character.

"We build the ladder by which we climb," said a great psychologist. "Nothing of good or evil is ever lost: we may forget and forgive, but our nervous system never forgets or forgives."

It follows that nothing is unimportant. A year hence we shall be what we are because of what we think and do now. It is the present that counts.

In physical matters this is easy to see. The man who abuses his body, whether by drugs or any other vicious habit, pays the price.

There is no overdraft possible on the Bank of Nature.

This is equally true of mental life. Here, too, Nature is a merciless creditor.

The man who scamps his work, who disregards the responsibilities of ordinary life, may think it doesn't matter...

But sooner or later the bill will be presented. The carelessness that seems of no account to-day will mean failure when the big responsibility and the big problem has to be faced.

The man who does big things in the world is he who has built the ladder by which he climbed out of faithfulness to the little things and the ordinary things.

A man's character is not a matter of chance. He forms it himself—and fashions it as he desires.

Think rightly and you will act rightly. Do the small things well, and the big things will look after themselves.

No Case for Mercy.

The Doncaster magistrates must stir up their ideas. This reflection is prompted by the way they handled the case of Thomas Quin, who thrashed his two and a half years old baby daughter unmercifully, and when his wife stepped in between them to protect the child, took a running kick at her! But prison doors did not clang behind Quin. The Doncaster Bench thought justice was done by fining the brute £10!

Canadian Snows.

If you tell a Canadian business man you think the winter in Canada is cold he gets cross. Thirty British harvesters found conditions so cold that they tramped from Toronto to Ottawa to tell their troubles to the Canadian Premier. They said they were lured to Canada on the pretext of working at their own trades, but the only work offered when they arrived was as farm serfs at starvation wages. The Government has no desire to lure men to Canada under false pretences, said the Premier. Well, he'd better punish the touts who do!

What the Blankety Blank—!

With blood raised to fever heat by the exciting moves in a thrilling game of dominoes, William Jamieson, a miner, of 28, Parkneuk, Dunfermline, so lost his head that when he found he was "knocking" he started knocking at the face of his opponent with such ferocity that he almost blinded him. If Jamieson's idea of being a sportsman carries him no farther than this when he draws a double blank, we advise him to go into hysterics over a game of Patience, and to punch his own head when the cards fail him.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

The greatest sacrifice that can be demanded of a mother was made by Mrs. Ford, of 2, Waterloo Place, Markinch, Fife, for her soldier son, who was a Lance-Corporal in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, died in the service of his country. For a time she received a small pension, but this ceased in 1920. In her need Mrs. Ford wrote to us, and through our instrumentality her pension has now been restored. If you are in a similar difficulty, write to JOHN BULL about it, and we will take the matter up.

The Weak End.

The Southern Railway announces that "week-end tickets are issued between any two stations" at special cheap rates. A Devonport reader, seeing this placard at the local station, asked whether the concession applied to Portsmouth, and received an affirmative reply. "But you must travel after 5.0 p.m.," added the official. "What is the first train after 5.0 p.m.?" queried our reader. "There isn't one," was the astonishing answer, "the last goes at 4.16 p.m." Why should not a man be permitted to travel by the train next before 5.0 p.m., if there is none after?

An Old Man's Love.

For ten years John Darby, aged seventy, of Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, worked in secret making a concrete cross for every Barrow man who fell in the war. The fifty crosses were discovered by accident when a fire broke out at Darby's house and, in appreciation of the old man's labour of love, they were ranged round the village war memorial. A local official, however, with more zeal than discretion, had them removed and dumped in a corner of the cemetery. And now the British Legion, backed up by the villagers, demands that the crosses shall be restored. And quite right too!

Futile Fining.

What is the use of fining a brute guilty of persistent cruelty to a child? With an open cut on his head, badly bruised from the waist downwards, his little legs being marked like a zebra, the five-year-old stepson of Bernard Edwards, of 6, Claude Street, Winton, rushed half naked out of the house to escape from his brutal stepfather, who had thrashed him unmercifully with a razor strop. Edwards had been previously charged and warned about his conduct, yet the Magistrates at Eccles contented themselves with inflicting a monetary penalty. Surely they could have found room for the wretch in prison!

Cafes of Crime.

The restaurants which cater for casual promiscuity are, unhappily, common features of all our big towns and seaside resorts, and now the metropolis is suffering from a huge supply of these unhealthy excrescences which, run more often than not by greasy alien proprietors, reap a rich harvest by their owners hiring out dingy dining-rooms to couples on the search for a day on the loose. A few raids on these dens of iniquity would do an incalculable service to the community.

Dirty Films.

A number of readers have written thanking us for the fearless manner in which we recently criticised Scotland Yard for not dealing with the demoralising trade in indecent films. We are pleased to accept these tributes of appreciation. One man, a film operator, writes to say that he saw one of the films referred to in the early days of the war, and considers it would be an easy task for the police to stamp out the traffic if they went the right way about it. We agree.

Treating the Driver.

Well-intentioned employers who treat chauffeurs must be made to realise that to give drink to the man at the wheel of a car is as reprehensible as to treat too generously the helmsman of a ship while he is on duty. Charles Ellis, chauffeur, was fined with costs £7 at Westminster, and the magistrate made his boss, Wm. Arthur Read, pay £12 7s. for treating him. Read spoke up for his man, and seems a good sort. He'll be a better man still when he restrains ill-timed treating impulses—and he'll be more in pocket!

History Repeats Itself.

In a recent issue we criticised the management of the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill in connection with the criminal acts of several reformatory boys under its religious care, and the terrible sacrifice of a little girl who, assaulted by two of the boys, has given birth to a child. Two things have happened since our article. One is that we have written the Home Secretary privately respecting compensation for the child-mother. The other is that two boys have broken away from the farm and have been committed for trial on a charge of stealing.

An Incorrigible Rogue.

That cadging old scamp Timothy Todd Potts, alias Douglas Carroll, alias Major Todd, who for years has lived by begging letters written "to help a lame dog over the stile," is at his tricks again. This time he is descending upon the public as Major Melton Reynolds, and gives as his address Rhydganol Llanrhaiadr, near Denbigh. He wants a little assistance because he is practically penniless owing to severe losses during the war. To us this excuse sounds as fantastic as the address, which, if they are wise, our readers will not bother their heads about.

Stole for No Reason.

Sidney Frederick Reading, a clerk employed by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, seems to have a mania for hoarding. At his house has been found stolen property, which was absolutely of no use to him, all carefully labelled and tabulated. When sentenced to three months in the second division for stealing a suit case, a cabin trunk and other articles, the defending counsel pleaded that "something curious" had happened to the man's nerves or brains owing to shell-shock. Couldn't a doctor have been consulted?

A Bad System.

During the past twelve months 2,987 boys and 337 girls have been convicted, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment in the ordinary jails. Half of these had never been previously convicted, which is a serious state of affairs in view of the existence of the First Offenders Act. We suggest that if lads and girls are going to be sent to prison for first offences, certain prisons should be set aside as juveniles' jails, so that these youthful offenders should not be contaminated by the old lags with whom they now come in close contact.

Art.

Arthur Delahaye, of the Rue Poissioniere, Paris, is flooding this country with offers of artistic studies in miniature. We can only say that Arthur is a master of artfulness rather than Art, and those who are disposed to patronise him would be well advised to keep their money.

The Gipsy's Warning.

I. A. Littlewood appears to be the name of the mug-hunting merchant behind "The Continental Trading Stores," 20, Rue E., Beernaert, Ostend, Belgium, a concern which is now sending out circulars saying, "Your name appears upon our current list of 120 persons to which has been awarded the sum of £3 in cash." At best this means an individual prize of 6d., and to secure this you are asked to send 3s. for a trumpery ring.

"Doles and Despair."

In our last issue we referred to a speech reported in a leading provincial paper which made Mr. F. O. Roberts, the Minister of Pensions, say that "there will never be less than half a million unemployed in the British Isles." Mr. Roberts immediately communicated with us pointing out that the speech had been wrongly attributed to him, and was an error on the part of the provincial newspaper.

The Act of a Beast.

A dirty-minded old clergyman, Simon Ashman, residing at Victoria Street, Littleport, who was found guilty the other day of a serious offence against a little girl, heard his sentence of two months' hard labour with agitation and stumbled from the dock. It is strange how some cowards fade away when treated as they should be for taking wicked advantage of female children. It may be, of course, that Ashman was stunned by the lightness of his sentence.

Problems of Life.

APPRECIATION.

By the REV R. I CAMPBELL, D.D

THERE is a certain person occupying a prominent position in the public eye of whom I could tell something.

I was in his company years ago when hard words were being flung about, and he was contributing his share of them.

I sat silent and watched him. If ever I saw a keen fighter enjoying himself it was then. He spared nobody and appeared utterly indifferent to what anyone thought of him or his opinions.

Towards the end of the evening I said something in admiration of one of his qualities and the remark was repeated to him.

To my amazement he was as pleased as a child and did not hesitate to show it.

He was always particularly pleasant to me afterwards, and revealed a finer and much more attractive side of his personality than the world knew he possessed.

This taught me a lesson. No one is so self-sufficient that he can dispense with the approval of his fellow-man.

If he could he would be either a beast or a god.

Everyone needs some measure of sympathetic understanding in order to be and do his best, but there is not enough of it in the world.

Many, very many, people have to get along as best they can without it.

They are starved for lack of a word of appreciation when they deserve it.

They would be better men and women, and more useful members of the community, if there were someone to cheer them on.

Judicious praise secures better results than over-ready censure.

Personality expands in an atmosphere of encouragement, and wilts or hardens in that of coldness or neglect.

French Birds.

Mr. J. Sutcliffe, of Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, saw an advertisement which stated that M. Demonnerot, Bureau Restant, Roquefort, had some beautiful turkeys at 25 francs. He sent 100 francs, but did not get his birds, in fact all he has got since is proof of delivery of his registered letter from the Post Office. M. Demonnerot, of Roquefort, doubtless suffers from loss of memory, which is hard on Mr. Sutcliffe.

Speeding the Plough.

Some time ago we told the story of Mr. G. Simpson, of 12, Baff Street, Spennymoor, who had paid over £8 for a "Horti-Plow" to Messrs. Motes, Limited, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, London, S.W. He could get neither his plough nor his money back. He has now got his money back from a director of the firm, which, we understand, is being reconstructed.

The Ladies' Agency.

More than once we have directed the attention of the Kent police to a servants' registry called "The Ladies' Agency," King Edward Avenue, Broadstairs, a fee-snatching concern of the worst description run by a female named Lucia Wood. This harpy has long been engaged in swindling poor people in search of work, surely one of the meanest forms of fraud imaginable, but a check has at last been placed on her activities by a sentence of two months' hard labour imposed by the Ramsgate Bench. Not a day too much nor a day too soon.

Who Makes the Money?

If you are anxious to find means of employing your spare time profitably, you are the very person for whom J. A. Brennan, of 12, Grosvenor Road, Hounslow, is seeking. He claims to have discovered a method of "Money-Making at Home" by which failure is almost impossible. In a purple circular he tells you a great deal about what it is not, but nothing about what it is. To learn more you must send him 1s. 6d. Brennan may well have solved the problem of making wealth at home to his own satisfaction!

Quite Unofficial.

The use of the name "The British Empire Visitors' Accommodation Bureau," together with a pictorial representation of the Wembley Exhibition, is calculated to convey the impression of an organisation more or less under official control. Cunningly worded circulars so headed are being sent out by a concern with offices at St. Stephen's House, Victoria Embankment. The whole thing appears to be nothing but a stunt on the part of an agency seeking fees for entering names on a register.

A Quick Snap.

Beware of a plausible rogue calling himself Hubert Wilkins, who appears to have some knowledge of photographic apparatus. A provincial reader who advertised a camera for sale or exchange received a reply from this Wilkins offering a valuable lens. The camera was duly despatched, but when the lens was not forthcoming, enquiry elicited the fact that Wilkins had written from the camouflaged address of a London Night Refuge and Home, from which he quickly disappeared after collecting the camera from the railway station to which, at his request, it had been sent.

A Pair of Knaves.

An enterprising man with highly polished manners is touring the country just now inducing people to advance money on a proposition concerning property supposed to exist in South America. Although his scheme can very easily be proved to be a booby-trap, he has already caught a large number of victims and many complaints have been made to the police. He passes under various names—Harding, Montgomery, Edwards and Allan are some—and is assisted by a clever woman who acts as secretary. Is it impossible for the police to arrest him and his pretty accomplice before more people are duped?

A Travesty of Justice

A WISE and upright judge may sometimes go wrong. That is only another way of saying that human nature is fallible. We commend this thought to Mr. Joseph Sharpe, the West Ham Stipendiary Magistrate.

We believe that Mr. Sharpe is responsible for a grave miscarriage of justice. We believe that when this is made clear to him, he will recognise it himself and be on our side in an appeal to the Home Secretary to undo the mischief that has been done.

Boys will be boys. And boys are mischievous animals. When they do wrong they ought to be corrected. But the punishment ought to have some relation to the difference between foolish lads and criminals.

A number of boys in West Ham amused themselves throwing missiles into a trench that is being cut through the borough for laying an electric cable. Serious damage was done.

Of course this was wrong. But it was certainly not right to leave valuable machinery exposed, or not properly watched.

A group of boys was rounded up by the police. They appear to have been acting in concert and were properly called to account.

Some days later a youth named Maurice Wolff, of 128, Cumberland Road, London, E., was arrested by the police and charged with breaking two concrete slabs in this trench, value 15s. He is a hairdresser's assistant.

On the day in question he was at work from 8.30 a.m. until 9.15 p.m., and he was arrested during a walk after his long day's toil. He denied that he broke the slabs.

He was kept in the police station all Saturday night, and up till midnight on Sunday, and summoned a few days later.

His father, thinking that the best way to deal with this trivial charge was for the son to plead guilty, advised him to do so.

To the amazement of both, the boy was charged with the other group, with whom he was totally unacquainted. A solicitor prosecuted, but there was no solicitor to defend. The magistrate found them all guilty, and sentenced them to various terms of imprisonment, young Wolff getting three weeks in the second division.

We think it wrong to send boys to prison for mischievous pranks. At the last Annual Conference of Magistrates the Lord Chancellor begged them to deal leniently with first offenders. On that ground we plead for some moderation of the sentence passed on the boys.

We plead for the immediate release of young Wolff, on the ground that he was only technically guilty, because he was not legally defended, and because he pleaded guilty on his father's advice, trusting to an affectionate father against the formidable menace of machine-made law.

Health Insurance Frauds

GLARING defects in the administration of National Health Insurance, involving thousands of pounds of public money, are exposed in this article. Some stricter form of financial supervision of the Approved Societies is plainly long overdue.

YEAR after year Approved Societies come before the notice of the public owing to defalcations and irregularities in their accounts, and it is clear that some stricter regulations must be made.

Last year, for example, nearly £5,000 "disappeared," and was written off in the books of the societies as "unaccountable."

Approved Societies, and there are thousands of them, are run by Committees of Management, and when sums of money are lost on this scale it is quite clear that these Committees are not taking the business-like precautions reasonably necessary to safeguard the funds.

Under the present loose system of management, it is very easy for a dishonest official to steal money from an Approved Society. In many cases last year medical certificates were altered so as to effect an extension of the period of incapacity certified, and spurious receipts were put in, the money going into the pocket of the defaulting official.

In other cases benefits due to members were withheld from them but charged in the accounts. In one case, involving fabricated and forged claims, the defaulting officer intercepted cheques issued in payment of genuine claims, forged the endorsements and misappropriated the proceeds.

A fraudulent branch secretary in another case made away with nearly £500. He habitually requisitioned weekly sums in excess of his weekly requirements, the extent of the excess increasing progressively from a few shillings to nearly £12 a week.

These payments were made by cheque signed by the treasurer and trustee. If these gentlemen had taken steps to satisfy themselves that the sums were required to meet legitimate payments the fraud could never have been committed.

This secretary was allowed to get twelve months behind with the entries in his cash-book, and year after year, the auditor from the National Health Insurance Department had reported him for failure to keep an account of his cash transactions. The Committee of Management of this particular society had also been repeatedly reported for failure to examine the accounts.

In another case, involving a serious deficiency in the accounts of a branch secretary, the auditor issued two reports regarding the non-production of the accounts to him for examination. A few days after the second report had been issued the secretary resigned under pressure from the committee of management.

It was subsequently found that, at the date of his resignation, the entries in his cash-book were twenty-three months in arrear. Here, again, the committee of management had had their attention drawn to the failure in complying with the auditor's requirements and the unsatisfactory manner in which the books had been kept.

There are many cases in which Approved Societies do not have a banking account at all, and others have an account requiring only one signature on a cheque, and instances are constantly coming to light where blank cheques are given to officials signed in advance by the authorised signatories.

In one case, five undated cheques for £1,000 each were signed by two of the trustees, and obviously were not signed for any specific requirement.

In another case the cashier had possession of an office banking account cheque book containing seventy-two blank cheques signed by the secretary. All that was required was the signature of this cashier to make these operative.

The effect of this irregular procedure was to put thousands of pounds at the sole control of the cashier, thus defeating the object in view in requiring two signatures.

There were dozens of cases last year in which the Accounts of Approved Societies were falsified, and scores in which the officials had failed to account for public money, and who were otherwise responsible for serious financial irregularities.

Improper payment of benefit was the subject of complaint in nearly three thousand cases, and upwards of £29,000 was paid away last year with regard to claims which the National Health Insurance Department Auditor declined to certify as admissible.

A good deal of money is being thrown away where increased rates of sickness, disablement and maternity benefits are paid by way of "additional" benefit to members not entitled to them.

Apart from fraud, there are many serious and glaring defects in the administration of National Health Insurance, a matter that affects one person in every three in the country.

The remedy lies in the hands of the members themselves. They must supervise the supervising committees very much more carefully. There is unfortunately no other way of dealing with "Committees of Management" which neglect their duty to the public.

Lord Haldon Hauled Down

WE have so often criticised the Right Honourable Lord Haldon, who for years has been associated with shady financial propositions foisted upon the public, that it became a problem as to whether it was really worth while giving space to his ungracious activities.

But there is a new and very interesting story now to be told in regard to this company-mongering peer. It concerns his treatment of his wife, Lady Haldon, who had to go to the High Court a few days ago to get the right honourable gentleman to do the right and honourable thing.

Some time before the action came on, her ladyship approached us through her solicitors respecting the question of her husband's financial position, and we are glad to say that we were able to supply her with information which assisted her in the action.

In February, 1922, her ladyship obtained judgment against her husband for £130 arrears of weekly payments under a deed of separation. Being so pressed with his multifarious financial duties, the noble lord overlooked this trifling matter until the beginning of this year when, on a judgment summons for his committal, he paid the sum of £50. In this way the action was adjourned.

But even noble lords, with all their notable financial greatness, sometimes have to stand the tiresome formality of judicial proceedings. Thus it came to pass that the right honourable Lord Haldon was torn away from the lofty circles of high finance and compelled to attend the High Court to give evidence as to his means.

We have always said that Lord Haldon was a dummy director, willing to have his name on the notepaper of any trumpery share-pushing agency for a mere song, nobly indifferent to the consequences met with by poor people induced to part with their money on the strength of his rank and high-sounding name.

What did Lord Haldon tell the judge? He admitted that he was really very poor, and that all he got from an agency of which he had been chairman was a wage of £4 as a canvasser, plus a cheque for £50 paid in January last in respect to the judgment debt!

So, on his own showing, for £4 a week, this gracious nobleman allowed his name and rank to be used, with the coronet and the honoured coat-of-arms on the notepaper of a share-pushing concern, the methods of which were extremely shady!

We are extremely sorry for his family. But we consider it our duty to tell this story so that the public is made to realise beyond all doubt that Lord Haldon in reality is a two-a-penny dummy director, who hires himself out to shady financial concerns at a canvasser's wage, and goes about indifferent to the possible losses sustained by innocent and simple-minded people beguiled by his facsimile signature, his coat-of-arms, his name and his coronet.

Selling Children like Cattle

A WICKED trade is flourishing at the expense of little children. The whole business of child adoption is a scandal, and we urge the Home Secretary to give attention to the Committee recommendations which have lain idle for years.

THERE is no greater scandal to-day than the constant neglect and ill-treatment of adopted children, poor little mites who are taken from their parents and handed over, in many cases, to people who exploit them.

A revolting case recently came to light at Swadlingcote, near Burton, where a little girl of thirteen was made the slave and drudge of her aunt's household. The aunt, Mary Shorthouse, received 9s. a week towards the maintenance of the child, who, before going to school had to scrub floors and clean grates.

When she came home from school she was made to do general housework and had no time for recreation. In addition to this she was so underfed that she was driven to steal lunch parcels from the pockets of other school children. One day the schoolmistress found marks on the girl's wrists which she said were scalds.

On being pressed, the weeping child admitted that they were caused by having her hands tied behind her back with the clothes-line. She had taken money to buy food, and her punishment was the tying of her hands behind her back, and, trussed up like this, she was put to bed, kept there all Christmas Day and fed on bread and water.

This appalling cruelty might have killed the child. The local inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who took the case up, declares that when he saw the girl's wrists they were cut practically to the bone.

The cruel aunt was brought before the Court, but not sent to jail. There is an astonishing reluctance on the part of some magistrates to send child oppressors to prison.

At Chatham, however, to select another case from many, an adopted child was ill-treated and the foster-parents were sent to prison. In this instance a little girl of two years was left in a dirty room, shamefully neglected, with a thin vest for her only garment. When she was discovered there she was surrounded by bones that had been thrown to her by the man as he would to a dog.

The woman in this case admitted that she trussed the child like a fowl and left it on the floor with a strap round the arms, and another round the legs, to keep it from crawling. Can it be wondered that the poor innocent little fragment of humanity had almost lost the power to walk, and went into paroxysms of terror owing to the shocking treatment it had received?

Unhappily we could fill our columns with agonising stories of the tortures of adopted children. The most sinister cases in this connection, and there are hundreds of them, are those in which large sums of money are handed over with the adopted child.

Advertisements are appearing daily in many respectable papers, and the extent of the shameless traffic of buying and selling children is almost incomprehensible.

A woman with four children recently advertised for a baby, and demanded a premium of £60. Questioned as to what she would do with the money, she said that she wanted to buy an electric belt for her husband and intended to put the balance in the bank.

Enquiries made regarding another advertisement elicited the fact that the woman willing to adopt a child wanted a premium of £250, with which she intended to buy a house.

Another woman, living in a two-roomed flat in a back street in Pimlico, advertised for a baby and wanted £40 with it. This she intended to use with other money of her own to go into the country and buy a laundry business.

"Couple would adopt young child or baby from birth, premium required, good home." The precious pair who inserted this advertisement required not less than £150 with the child, and admitted that the money was wanted to complete the education of a son—"a brilliant boy."

The whole business of child adoption is a wicked and outrageous scandal. The matter has been constantly before Mr. Henderson's predecessors at the Home Office, but very little has been done to prevent the harpies from making large sums of money in buying and selling children like cattle, and then, with a frequency that is very disquieting, ill-treating them.

On one occasion a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was set up to investigate the matter, but its recommendations have for years lain discarded in a dusty pigeon-hole in Whitehall. This Committee recommended, amongst other things, that an Act should be passed to give legal recognition to the adoption of children which would protect them.

We say that the traffic to-day is worse than ever. All adoptions should require by law the sanction of the County Court, which could impose conditions for the benefit of the child which would prevent their being bought and sold, handed about like chattels from one person to another, and even in some cases sold out of the country where all trace of them may be lost.

Tempers and Temperatures

WE wonder how many patients Mr. John Muir, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, spoke to when he recently visited the Ministry's Hospital at Maghull, Liverpool.

He went there to investigate the cause of discontent among the patients—discontent which had become so acute that the building was surrounded by police to prevent anyone breaking out.

He returned with a smile on his face and spoke comfortably to the effect that the whole question was one of internal administration, and that he was sure that all differences would be amicably settled.

Very nice indeed, but fine words butter no parsnips. We are by no means assured that the comforting words of Mr. Muir will result in any amelioration of the distressing conditions under which some hundreds of war victims are existing in this institution.

They are mostly mental cases and men suffering from nervous disabilities brought about through their terrible experiences during the war. Few of them have any delusions regarding their condition. They know only too well what is wrong with them, that they can never look upon the brighter side of life again. Nevertheless, they are sober-minded, apart from their disability, and accept with philosophical resignation the fearful fortune which war has bestowed upon them.

Such men should be shown every possible consideration, and it is small wonder that they rebel if they are treated as slaves.

They work daily from 8.30 a.m. until 4.15 p.m., either cleaning up the hospital or labouring in the workshops. They are not allowed outside except on Saturdays and Sundays, and then only for four hours in parties of three or more, compelled to return an hour before sunset.

Recently they determined to ask for an amelioration of these conditions, and chose delegates from each ward to present their grievances to the District Commissioner of Medical Services.

Their deputation was refused an interview, and threatened with punishment if they did not immediately resume work.

Eventually a message was sent out that if they returned to duty no punishment would be inflicted, and their grievances would be forwarded to the Ministry of Pensions.

This being all they demanded, they returned to work, and there were no men more disgusted than the police who had been called up in a panic to preserve order.

Is this the way to treat men who must suffer for life as a result of their war service?

Discipline is necessary in such an institution, of course, but men who are paying such a price for their patriotism should be treated as heroes and not as hooligans. To attempt to overawe them into subjection by an unwarrantable display of force is worse than folly—it is brutal.

A Bold Bad Bishop

IT has been our duty from time to time to expose the doctrines of a notorious person known as "Bishop" Leadbeater, a man who has been described by a judge as unfit to be a tutor for boys, possessing opinions that were immoral and such as rendered him a highly dangerous associate for children.

We do not wish to dwell too fully upon this aspect of his character. At the present moment he is in Australia, and may not just now be regarded a menace to the people of Britain. But we are glad to say that the revelations we have made in the past, scoffed at then by the followers and disciples of Leadbeater, are at last beginning to carry weight with some of his own associates.

Many people who have believed in Leadbeater and his doctrines for years are now completely dissatisfied with his activities, and a number of them have got together to demand that the career of the notorious "Bishop" should be fully investigated.

These people are beginning to realise—and they should have done so long ago—that although Leadbeater is undoubtedly sincere in regard to some of his teachings, he still maintains a strange influence over some of his pupils.

They are beginning to understand that "Leadbeaterism" is not yet completely wiped out, and that its doctrines still remain in the minds of many of the best Theosophists here.

We are pleased that there is a prospect of a full inquiry into the antecedents of "Bishop" Leadbeater. But we warn the people who are urging for it to insist that the Committee of Investigation, when set up, shall be composed only of people of strict impartiality.

The real truth will not be arrived at if they confer with men and women who belong to the secret sect known as the "E. S.," or to the "Order of the Star in the East."

And the questions that the Committee might best concern themselves with are the circumstances in which certain letters were written by Leadbeater to boys, beginning "My own darling boy," and ending "Thousand kisses, darling"; the details of the case heard before Mr. Justice Bakewell; the story of Leadbeater in the house of a Mrs. Martin, of Sydney; the preposterous claims made by him in connection with a Hindu boy whom he was training to be the New Messiah, and the manner in which Leadbeater teaches young boys that, in a previous life, they were his wives.

For months Leadbeater has been striving to get back to this country. He has had trouble with the passport authorities. That is just as it should be. We do not want him here.

Much less do we want his immoral teachings to be broadcast again in this country, which they undoubtedly will be if some people over here still regard the "Bishop" as a decent-minded religious dignitary.

The Fighting Barrister

AFTER devoting their best years to the service of their King and country, a great number of Britain's sons are now engaged in a difficult struggle for existence.

Peter Broyd, now living in Lansfield Street, Paddington, enlisted in the Army in 1914, was badly wounded in France, and was discharged in 1919, unfit for further service. He is still without the full use of one arm, and he realised that his fighting days were over when he donned his Silver Badge and set out with his pedlar's pack to try to earn an honest living by hawking goods from house to house for a London firm which employs disabled ex-Service men.

When he entered our office recently with his head swathed in bandages and stitches in his scalp he looked as though he had been in the wars again.

So he had, in a sense, but it was a very one-sided combat, and the story of how he came by his wounds is one of the most amazing we have ever heard.

He had made his way to Harpenden and called at the house of a barrister named Robert George Nicholson Combe.

He was about to display his wares to a servant at the tradesmen's entrance when an angry voice shouted "Shut that door!" and the man learned in the law approached from behind a hedge in a state of high dudgeon and declared that Broyd was a man against whom the police had issued a warning.

Broyd proceeded to pack up his bag, but this irascible lawyer caught him by the coat, stripped off his Silver Badge, and ordered him to remain where he was until the police arrived.

Apparently determining to disable his bewildered captive, he seized first a shovel and then a heavy stick, but at last deciding that a truncheon was a more suitable weapon, suddenly bludgeoned Broyd on the head with it.

The poor fellow staggered into the roadway with his head bleeding from these savage blows, and collapsed in the hedge. When eventually the police came on the scene, they refused to accept a charge of assault against the barrister, saying that any such proceedings must be taken by summons.

Having no means, Broyd came to JOHN BULL to ask for justice, and after making enquiries and ascertaining that his story was substantially correct and that he was a man of exemplary character, we instructed a solicitor to act on his behalf.

The sequel was seen at St. Albans, when the bludgeoning barrister was fined £5 for this unwarrantable assault.

Some people put on their doors "No Hawkers," "No Circulars," "Beware of the Dog." Mr. Combe had better exhibit a notice, "Beware of the Bludgeon!" And obviously callers had also better beware of Mr. Combe himself!

What *Not* to See at Wembley

GANGS of crooks are completing their plans for the Exhibition at Wembley. We warn the public to be on their guard.

OUR warning a few weeks ago to Scotland Yard that the world's crooks would concentrate upon this country for the British Empire Exhibition has not gone unregarded.

Scotland Yard is giving its sanction to the publication of a book which will warn simple-minded visitors of the tricks to which they are likely to be exposed, and a special staff of detectives is to be told off to keep watch for the rascals, many of whom are known to the police of many countries, in the hope that they may be caught at their games.

Many of them have been having a very good time in the South of France, but have now arrived here and are living on the fat of the land in various West End hotels.

Some of them came here by sea from Marseilles, and used the voyage to good purpose. They found a rich New Zealander on board ship, and later succeeded in robbing him of over two thousand pounds. The principals in this particular gang are international crooks with many aliases, one of them being known as Duval, Darrington, Pryce and the nickname "Larry," while another has a score of names and is known to his confederates as "The Hustler."

Some members of the gang gained the confidence of the New Zealander by giving him "inside" tips. He made some small sums of money and was then introduced to an alleged member of the Stock Exchange who was supposed to be in wireless communication with France and he was induced to join in a big gamble in francs.

The rascals pretended that they were investing their own money at the same time, but as soon as they got his they disappeared.

This first coup of the season has put the gang in good heart. They meet practically every night at a popular restaurant in Piccadilly, and discuss the prospects of what they are pleased to call "sport."

They are at present "nursing" one or two rich colonials, to whom they are giving a good time in the sure and certain hope of getting their reward later on. They will probably leave their victims in peace when they have got valuable introductions to the rich friends of the men they have already marked down for plunder. If these men read this article they will be advised to give a wide berth to Duval and his friends, who are so lavish with their invitations to dinner and the theatre. Their fad is "The Immortal Hour," which they boast they have seen seventeen times.

If the police make special efforts to round up these rascals before the British Empire Exhibition opens they will be doing a substantial service to our visitors from overseas.

Like a Bird in a Cage

SINCE the Harnett Case the public has felt a good deal of misgiving as to the way in which people are kept in mental homes, and for that reason we direct attention to the case of a lad who is at present confined at Leavesdon, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

During the war this boy's father, Mr. J. W. Taylor, of 6, Lorenco Road, Tottenham, was taken a prisoner by the enemy, and in his absence his son gave trouble to the mother.

On one occasion, because he was refused money to go to the pictures, he proceeded to extort it from his mother by threatening to break the windows, which he proceeded to do. If his father had been at home at the time, instead of in a German prison camp, he would have given the lad a good thrashing and that would have been the end of the matter.

The mother, thinking the lad might get beyond control, put the matter in the hands of the police, and the boy was sent to Dartford Industrial School, the mother being given to understand that the boy would be released on the return of his father.

Mr. Taylor has been home from war service for nearly four years, but he cannot get his son back. The lad is described, as "mentally deficient," and, on that excuse, is detained by the authorities.

We have seen letters from the lad who has now been six years away from his home, and they certainly do not give any indication of mental deficiency. He writes to promise that he will behave himself, and do what he is told, just to please his mother and father very much.

He writes to his sister asking her to go down to him, as he would like to see her dear face. "I ought to have been a good boy all the time Dad was in the Army, but I spoilt myself by going with bad boys down Hartingdon Road."

If he did he has paid for it very severely. But we do think it is a grave hardship that a boy like this should be kept as though he were a dangerous lunatic, when his father is perfectly willing to receive him, and competent to look after him.

In the Harnett Case the Judge commented on the fact that once a classification has been made in cases of patients detained in mental hospitals, there seems to be nobody to break the continuity of the chain.

There are hundreds of similar cases in mental homes in various parts of the country. The people paid to run these places have no interest in emptying them. The public has. It has to foot the bill.

We hope that a special investigation will be made into the case of this boy Taylor, who seems to have been very severely punished for the trivial act of a refractory childhood.

A Parson and his Rights

THERE is nothing that the public more dislikes than a discussion about the fees charged by clergymen for conducting a burial service.

A controversy in this connection has arisen at Watford, where the Revd. W. H. Littlebury, vicar of the parish of St. Michael and All Angels, has instructed the Burial Board of Watford Cemetery to pay him interment fees in respect of all non-parishioners laid to rest in their cemetery.

The practice at present appears to be that, when somebody is buried who has not the honour to be a parishioner of Mr. Littlebury, whatever clergyman conducts the service goes to the office and draws the fee.

It is to this that the Revd. Mr. Littlebury objects. He says that the fees belong to him by law, and he has put in his claim on principle.

To the layman it seems a very extraordinary law. Mr. Littlebury says he does not raise the point on account of the fees, which he is willing to give to a hospital, if other clergymen will do the same with theirs. But he maintains that he is entitled to the fees whether he does the work or not under ecclesiastical law, which has not been repealed by the Civil law.

We think that plain people will say that if this is the law it is a very extraordinary law indeed. According to Mr. Littlebury, he is entitled to the fees because the cemetery is situated in the parish of which he is the vicar. The strange thing is that the cemetery was there before the parish was created, and it is very remarkable that an ecclesiastical act like the creating of a parish can, at the same time, create a legal right to emoluments from other people who are not amenable to the ecclesiastical authorities.

There is no suggestion that Mr. Littlebury is actuated by anything but the highest motives, but we do not think that he is going to make the Church more popular by raising this controversy and putting in so peremptory a demand.

We say plainly that the Burial Board ought to be able to give the fees to the clergyman who earn them.

LABOUR'S RISE TO POWER

by The Right Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., the Lord Privy Seal.

THIS article was specially written before the Labour Government was formed, in response to questions put by an American citizen who was anxious to understand the reasons for Labour's growth in England. Without committing ourselves to Mr. Clynes' views we publish this important statement because we feel it to be in the public interest at this time.

PEOPLE ask the most preposterous questions about the rise and growth of the British Labour Party. Is it German influence? Is it insidious propaganda directed from Moscow?

These queries arise from a complete ignorance of the real causes of the present position of the Labour Party. The state of political Parties in Britain has for generations been unlike that in most other countries. We have had but two Parties sharing in turn the responsibility of Government. That system is changing because Britain herself is changing.

Britain's old-fashioned industries and pursuits have passed away. No country has so large a population for its acres or has become so intensively industrialised in the last two generations. New economic, social, and domestic problems have arisen.

REVOLUTIONARY propaganda and the like have little or nothing to do with the new political developments. A decision given against trade unions in the law courts had more to do, for instance, with the change in the political outlook of British workers than all the external propaganda attempted in the last generation.

The growth of the British Labour Party would have been about the same if Karl Marx had never been born. The growth of the Party is due, not to Marx, but to social facts and to the work of scores of thinking men.

"It was not the notion of any single item, a capital levy or anything else, that seemed to stir the people" (at the Election), wrote Lord Haldane. "It was the idea of a better social order in which there should be equality for themselves and fairer chances for their children."

* * *

At Labour meetings the heartiest response is always secured by a speaker who can appeal to the higher moral and spiritual purposes of a new movement. Ministers of religion are as popular as any on Labour platforms. A political object pursued by people inspired as by a religious faith is more than a sentiment.

THERE is no short cut to the realisation of the perfect state, and public opinion must be genuinely converted to the acceptance of new doctrines and must be conscious of the approval to be given for social and economic reconstruction.

Labour has frequently to resist the assertion of opponents that Labour men are friends of every country but their own. They talk as though a desire for friendship with other lands inevitably means hostility to ours. On the contrary, Labour is as patriotic as any other Party, but its conception of patriotism is different, and in prizing liberty for itself, it appeals for liberty for others and believes that an enthusiasm for world peace and progress is consistent with a spirit of true nationality.

LABOUR sees that at different times in recent centuries friendships and enmities have been developed, made and enormously altered by events which democracies could not control. The fact that Britain had to resist German aggression is no reason for hating Germans who were children when the great war broke out or who at the close of it banished or punished leaders whose policy played so large a part in producing the war.

Different degrees of unsettlement, often culminating in revolution, inevitably spring from war. Bolshevism or methods of violence should astonish no one in countries where the people have been accustomed to violence by the merciless use of it for generations. For these methods British Labour entertains no sympathy. We did not excuse the wrongs of Bolsheviks in asking that Russia should be rightly treated by the other nations of the world.

IN like manner British labour has not excused the crimes of Germany in demanding that the Peace to be imposed on Germany should be a peace which will not sow the seeds of future wars, and which will enable Germany to make good the damage for which she was responsible.

In the early part of 1919, and repeatedly since at National and International gatherings, British labour has insisted upon the restoration by Germany of the areas devastated in the war, and we were among the first to name a figure which approximates to the amount which leaders in the Liberal and Tory Parties in Britain and elsewhere have now said it is possible for Germany to pay.

If the terms proclaimed by the late President Wilson and the spirit of his purpose in Paris had determined the Treaty, the course of world affairs would have been enormously different. That course is summarised by Mr. J. L. Garvin, a prominent Conservative editor, in the following terms:

"FOUR or five years ago we were singing our songs of victory; to-day we are all marching to certain and inevitable defeat—victor and vanquished alike. The international chaos is growing. The economic and industrial structure of Europe is cracking in all directions. Weariness and despair are sapping the morale of the peoples. Military hysteria is sapping their depleted financial resources. Everywhere you see armed men, everywhere gigantic armies, even among the small new States which cannot possibly afford them. In spite of the disappearance of the German army there are now almost a million and a half more men under arms than in August, 1914."

These facts have made the Labour Party strong in the field of foreign policy. If the influence of American workers could be joined with that of the British in a sane International peace policy, the gain and the credit would be mutual and the result would be a blessing to mankind.

The Labour Party by its political instinct and nature is a constructive and remodelling force. It has nothing but contempt for the barren controversies and empty generalities of ordinary political warfare. Its interest is not in what men say but in what men are anxious to *do*.

LABOUR has been attacked as a class Party. It stands less for class legislation than others do. Powerful classes and vested interests have in the past determined much of the legislation of former Parliaments. Labour fights not to begin class legislation, but to try and end it. Labour cannot govern on a class basis or seek the advance of merely one section however big that section may be.

There is a class, however, which is in need of first aid. That is the poorest. Labour must act as the political Red Cross to that section of suffering humanity and give aid to it first, because it is the class first in need of it. To the Labour Party, politics are a high conception of how best to manage the affairs of mankind and how to get the most, not for a few but for everybody, out of the life activities of the people.

Those who fear the revolutionary should fear the reactionary more. Resistence to reasonable advance and betterment is often the source of violent or extreme demands. The sternness of the die-hards provokes more trouble than it allays. It is not easy to understand the mentality of men who hold the child-like view that what is, must always remain so.

Timid people who, for instance, see downfall or doom in an alteration from private to public ownership in properties of national concern, should feel assured from the fact that in a country like this no such change can come without public desire and approval. If it be right for the people, nationally or locally, to acquire some property for some purpose, why is it deemed wrong

The Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Lord Privy Seal, First Lord of the Treasury.

to acquire great and indispensable services like mines and railways?

IF the State can own great properties like the Post Office Telephone Service, and local bodies can possess baths, electricity works, tramways, and gas and water supplies, why should men get furious when asked to consider the national possession of travel facilities and coal supplies?

These material considerations go hand in hand with great human questions. We have only just begun to think of a country in the terms of plan and design. The greatest waste is idleness, whether it be endured by the poor or enjoyed by the rich, and social conditions which enforce idleness instead of work are reaching the last stages of their trial.

A country cannot give about 20,000,000 votes to its wage-earners and women, and expect them to use them as their grandfathers did, and behave as though they yet could not read, or as though no great war had enforced upon them the political realities of unemployment, food prices, profiteering, and heavy taxation. Before the tremendous event of the war itself, active political education had done something to arrest the electors' attention and call for the application of new principles in the Government of the Kingdom.

THIS call was listened to more and more because grievances were revealed which had their roots in economic life. No rich country contains so many poor people as Britain, and no land whose power in the world is both ancient and extensive, has so many people who at home are powerless in the sense that they possess nothing beyond the labour-power of hand or brain, which often to their bitter sorrow they find it difficult to sell.

J. R. Clynes

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—The longer you are in office the less I like the ways of your Government. We were told that the Labour Party was the only one that had positive schemes of social reconstruction. Now we are told that you cannot produce rabbits out of a hat. Yet you know quite well what are the root causes of all the problems that confront the country. You know perfectly well that the land question must be tackled before any real progress can be made, but instead of tackling it you tinker about with silly palliatives based on the narrowest class lines. Why don't you either bring in some solid reforms or else frankly confess that you have not the courage of your convictions? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Wiring to Bradford Conservatives you said, "I look to our Yorkshire clubmen to do their duty to King and Country in the coming fight." By what authority do you use the King's name in connection with political bickerings? An ex-premier should know very well that it is an offence both against good manners and constitutional practice. I think you'd better apologise, don't you? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—When the electorate of Paisley sent you to Westminster to represent them, they expected that you would do so. But it is left to a non-Paisley member to give publicity, in the House, to the wretched housing conditions of many of your constituents. We now learn that many people of that town are occupying houses certified as uninhabitable, that in some cases as many as nine persons are living in a single room, and that the housing conditions are a social menace. Why could not *you* have aired these deplorable facts? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—Are you aware that local unemployment Committees are now demanding a certificate from applicant's foreman to the effect that applicant has been seeking work? Naturally, many managers and foremen are refusing this certificate as there is no legal obligation on them to supply it, and, consequently, the applicant is refused the relief to which he is entitled. I call on you to take immediate steps to see that this local arbitrary rule is abolished as it has no foundation in law. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—A poor old shoemaker named Hart, of Kettering, nearly seventy years of age, has been sentenced by the local Bench to two months' hard labour for receiving two shillings' worth of stolen brass and iron rivets. All his life, till this first error, Hart has been a decent, honourable man. Of course he should have been given the benefit of the First Offenders' Act—that's what it is for. If he is not released he will probably die in jail. Release the man, and teach the local Bench the lesson that mercy is no offence against justice. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. H. GOSLING, M.P.,
Minister of Transport.

SIR,—Now that the transport strike is over, will you kindly give your attention to the reorganisation of London's vehicular traffic? One of the chief contributions to our street chaos is the ever-increasing number of vehicles plying for hire. Two years ago there were no non-combine 'buses; a year ago there were 281, and so the Combine increased *their* number by 1,000; and now the non-combine have more than doubled their number. Meanwhile, taxi-cabs have increased in the past year by 529, so that the total increase is about 2,000. Surely, the demand does not warrant this *ad lib.* supply? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. W. BARKER,
Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, S.E.

DEAR VICAR,—It appears you have got into hot water for holding a special service for publicans. Far be it from me to suggest that licensed victuallers are in special need of your ministrations, but I entirely approve your broad-minded interpretation of your duties as a parish priest. The fact that publicans may no longer be sinners is neither here nor there. The example you follow is one we must all respect. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—I am all in favour of Free Trade, but I do not read this to mean that foreign trade should have unfair advantages over home trade. Nor does any thinking person. But I find that the stringent regulations enforcing a high standard of purity in home-produced milk and milk substitutues does not apply to imported milk and substitutes. This is grossly unfair, and you will be looked to for legislation to remove this inequality of treatment. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MONTAGU LOMAX.,
Lunacy Reform League.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have always sympathised with your campaign for lunacy reform, and have helped you all I could. I confess, however, that you rather put me off when you solemnly assure an audience that in your opinion madness is caused by "evil spirits" and lunatics are "possessed of devils." To say the least such language is not very scientific. Remember you are a doctor not a spook-merchant. Please do not impair your usefulness by such excursions into the darkness of demonology. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. HASTINGS, K.C., M.P.,
Attorney-General.

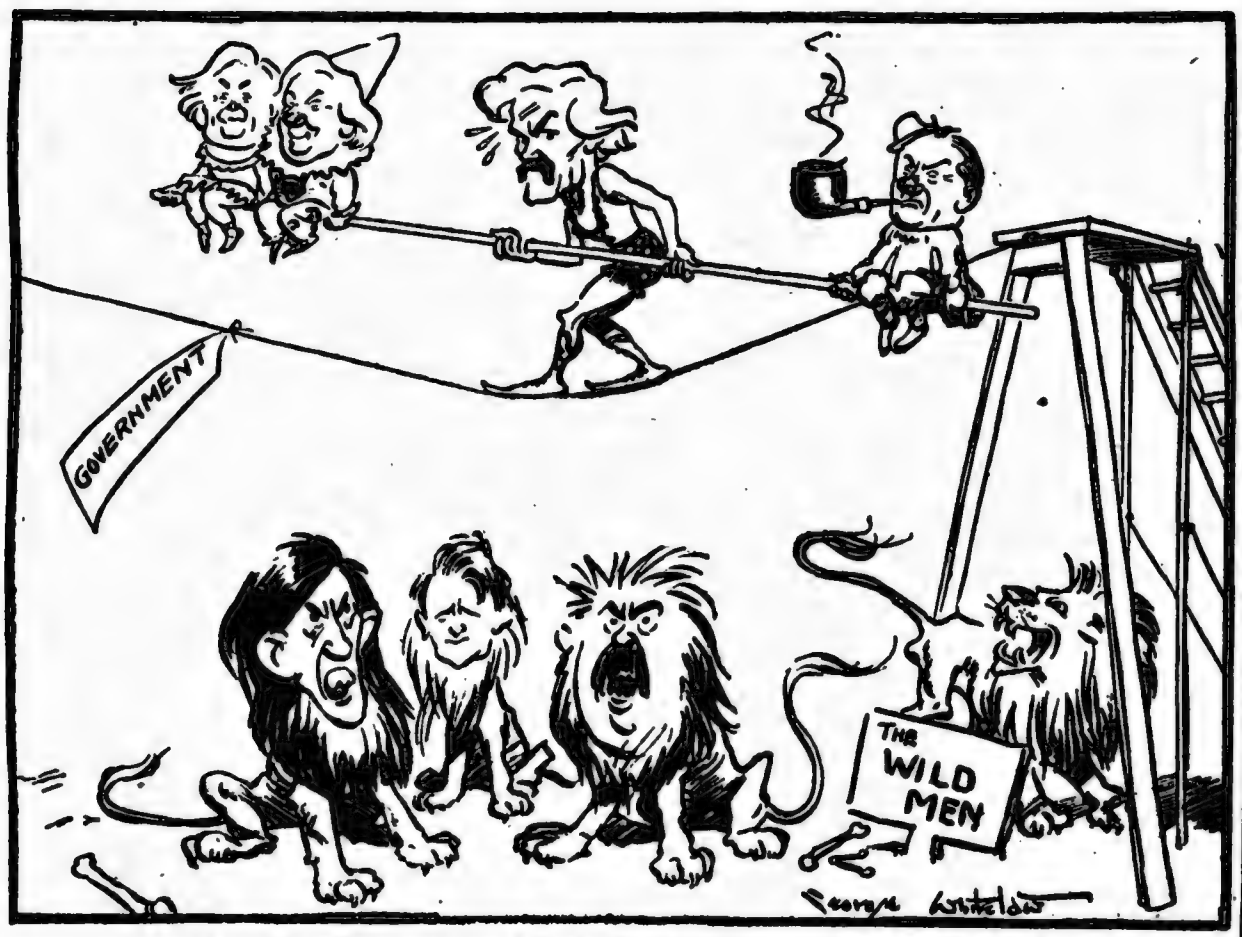
SIR,—It will be an excellent thing if you can signalise your term of office as Labour's first Attorney-General by a complete overhaul of the Poor Persons Rules. At present, as you know, the rules in force for the legal assistance of poor persons are sadly defective. Far too often where money is lacking right and justice are denied and delayed. The defence of poor prisoners especially rests upon a most precarious and unsatisfactory footing.. Give us something better! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE ROCHE,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—You recently had before you at Leeds Assizes a despicable cad named Stanley Peel Schaap, whom the jury, without leaving the box, found guilty of the detestable crime of blackmail in one of its worst forms. The scoundrel had repeatedly terrorised a woman of the streets into giving him money by representing himself to be a police officer. I am amazed that you should have thought so lightly of the matter as to sentence the wretch to no more than five months' hard labour. Have you not noticed the heavy sentences awarded in similar cases by some of your brother Justices? JOHN BULL.

To Sir ELLIS HUME WILLIAMS, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—I am a little suspicious of your righteous anger against the holding of political meetings on Sundays. I can't help wondering how much of your indignation is due to the fact that such meetings are mostly under the auspices of the Labour Party. Personally, I don't think the nation would lose much if political meetings were abolished altogether, but I object to such obvious one-sidedness as your argument discloses. And until you abolish Sunday jazz, golf, concerts and every form of entertainment I don't think you've much of a case. Besides, does it never strike you that those who don't want to attend such meetings can always stay away? JOHN BULL.



. . . AND RAMSAY KEEPS ON WALKING!

Without Fear or Favour

THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE!

How Murderers Escape

"OFFICIAL figures show that 179 murders were committed in one year, and in only half these cases was anyone put on trial." This recent statement of our own, based upon unchallengeable statistics, has created widespread concern.

People are asking: "What is wrong with Scotland Yard?" But it is not fair to lay all the blame on Scotland Yard, which, after all, is only the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, whose officers cannot turn their attention to provincial murders except at the invitation of the local constabulary. Too often jealousy and a false professional pride in the local force hinders recourse to the Criminal Investigation Department until clues once valuable have become stale and unprofitable from lapse of time.

The Home Secretary should insist upon a radical change of system. Scotland Yard ought to be not a metropolitan but a national institution, and whenever a murder is reported from any quarter of the Kingdom, the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department should be at liberty to commence their investigation at once. Arriving post-haste upon the scene their chances of tracking the murderer would be greatly enhanced.

Furthermore, the ranks of the C.I.D. should be recruited not merely from among those whose previous careers have been spent entirely in routine police duties, but from a wider range of candidates with the qualities of brains and education essential to the work of crime detection in a highly civilised age.

Housing Horrors

IT seems not to be generally known that under the Housing Acts of 1909 and 1919 property-owners may be legally compelled to put their houses into a condition "reasonably fit for human habitation."

It is almost impossible, after a tour of the slums of London or Glasgow, to believe in the existence of such a law; but it does exist, and the Glasgow Town Council has called upon thirty landlords—including, to his shame, Lord Glenconner—to comply with the Acts and make their property fit for the habitation of their fellow-creatures.

It may safely be conceded that the Town Council has not acted in haste, and observers testify that pig-sties, built in accordance with strict sanitary by-laws, are mansions in comparison with the hovels it is now sought to condemn. Other cities should emulate the example of Glasgow.

If we cannot have new houses at present, the existing tenements should at least be made to conform to a fair standard of decency.

A Sinking Fund or a Sinking People?

THE Budget surplus is earmarked for the reduction of National Debt. We still continue to pay a nation already overburdened with wealth while we are overburdened with poverty. Cannot the surplus be used to give much-needed relief at home?

IT is already fairly certain that Mr. Snowden will have a Budget surplus of about £48,000,000. As the law at present stands this surplus is earmarked for the reduction of the National Debt. It goes automatically to the Sinking Fund, and only in proportion as a lessened debt means diminished interest will the taxpayer benefit from the surplus.

Small comfort this, for as compared with the total volume of our indebtedness, £48,000,000 is a mere drop in the ocean.

There is no reason why the law should not be altered.

This generation has surely paid enough for the war. In blood and treasure it has borne more than its full share of the cost of salving civilisation, and no injustice will be involved to future generations if men and women now living, who bore the heat and burden of the struggle, are granted a respite from the demands of the debt-collector.

IN our view Mr. Baldwin's settlement with America, involving this nation in an annual tribute of £70,000,000 to the richest country on earth, was a hasty and ill-considered transaction. The liquidation of our debt to the United States should have been part and parcel of a world settlement.

This settlement cannot, of course, be repudiated now. Britain's word is her bond. But we need pour no more millions yet awhile into the hungry maw of the Sinking Fund.

The money is needed for more urgent purposes. The Labour Government has the nation behind it in its enthusiasm for more generous old-age pensions, for widows' pensions, for improved educational facilities, and other imperative reforms.

It was one of the war's penalties that it paralysed the hand of the reformer and stayed the march of progress. We say deliberately that in the present state of the nation the Chancellor of the Exchequer has more urgent duties than to pay off debt in instalments that can have little effect on the total volume of interest. More important than the Sinking Fund are the housing demand, the relief of helpless poverty, the provision of State-aided work for the unemployed.

THESE things are vital. They touch the essentials of our national well-being. We have a right to a moratorium in respect of the National Debt. In regard to Germany a close season has been proclaimed during which she is not to be pressed to discharge her just liabilities. Is the British taxpayer entitled to less consideration?

It is all very well to argue that by paying off debt we are benefiting ourselves, that every million paid off means a few thousands less in interest distributed over the whole body of taxpayers. That process is about as slow as emptying the Atlantic with a bucket.

The money wrung from us by the tax-gatherer must be used to more immediate practical purpose. The people are crying for bread. They must be fed. The Sinking Fund must wait.

Better a free breakfast table than a problematical fall in the income-tax through the reduction of debt.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer must pay heed not so much to the orthodox conditions of finance as to the claims of reason and humanity. A better practical policy for Mr. Snowden would be to abolish the unjust Entertainments Tax, to free tea or sugar; either to make our burdens lighter, or, by wise expenditure on national improvement, easier to be borne.

Exiles from Home

QUITE recently certain newspapers have waxed ecstatic over the emigration to Canada of 300 crofters from the Hebrides. Yet here, surely, is matter not for rejoicing, but for sad lament.

These men, whom Scotland has failed to hold, are of the very type we can least afford to lose. They are among Scotland's sturdiest sons, men of the square jaw, the firm hand, the strong back-bone. In war, they displayed great heroism, and when peace came, turned uncomplainingly to industrious toil, or would have done, if we had prepared for peace.

Alas! the most an inhospitable Britain can do is to cheer them as they sell up their belongings and for very despair turn their back upon the land which, since first they could climb her rocky boulders, has been "home." It is a sad commentary on the waste of manhood, the failure to colonise our own country, which has been among the chief of Britain's national shortcomings.

For the Irish peasantry, decades of heartless evictions; for the Scottish crofter, the emigrant ship and exile from his native isles—and, we fear, for those who remain, a heritage of bitter memories and fierce resentments that will not soon be assuaged. The pity of it is that there is land enough and to spare in Scotland, as in England, if only enlightened policy would make it available for cultivation.

What we need is a Government that will tackle the land problem with energy and common-sense.

Foulest of Crimes

EVERY decent man and woman will be in sympathy with Mr. Justice McCardie's scathing denunciation of blackmail.

The depraved authors of this foul crime trade upon the fact that their victims will be too shy to come into the open and expose their villainy. It ought to be an obligation of honour upon the part of the Press to accept Mr. Justice McCardie's hint and refrain from publishing the names of prosecutors in blackmail cases.

As a general rule we are greatly opposed to the least suggestion of secrecy in criminal proceedings, but where publicity is a hindrance to justice, there is no virtue in a blind insistence upon an abstract principle.

There can be no injustice to the prisoner in the suppression of the prosecutor's name. As soon as it is realised that the Press will extend this measure of protection to the victims of a cruel wrong, this vile offence will be speedily stamped out.

The Fat Spider!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE days of highway robbers are not over; but their methods of holding up the public have changed. To-day we are being fleeced and robbed by the gigantic Combines and Trusts which control the necessaries of life. It is time the public were being protected, urges A. G. G.

The Bishop of Norwich, whose work in exposing public iniquities is quoted in this article as an example to other churchmen.

DICK TURPIN in the old days used to go out on Hounslow Heath with his blunderbuss and call on the traveller to "Stand and deliver." If he were living to-day he would not do anything so foolish. He would form a "ring" or a combine or a trust; he would make the public "Stand and deliver" in perfect security to himself; and he would grow rich beyond the dreams of avarice, probably be given a peerage for his public services, and die in the odour of sanctity amid the panegyrics of the Press.

The law had a short way with the Dick Turpins of old. They may have had a merry life, but it was generally a brief one, making its exit at the end of a rope. But the Dick Turpin new style laughs at the law. He not only does not fear it, he operates under its protection. It is his ally, his shield and buckler. He goes out to prey upon the public with its sanction and support.

TAKE that case which the Bishop of Norwich has been exposing. (And here let me say that I rejoice to see a bishop taking a hand in the exposure of public iniquities; if the Church did more of this sort of thing it would not be so negligible as it is.) The farmers have had a crushing blow from cattle disease. One result is that they have to send cattle to market for slaughter within a certain number of days. If the animals are unsold, they may not go back to the farms. The sale, therefore, is compulsory.

Here is Dick Turpin's chance. In the shape of the meat dealers' ring he comes along with his "Stand and deliver," buys at his own price, not merely below the value of the animal, but often on terms which mean actual loss to the farmer. Does the law hang him? Not at all. It protects him.

And yet the robbery is as real as any highway feat of the redoubtable Dick Turpin. Does the public get any of the plunder? Not a halfpenny. Retail prices are not reduced by a copper. The money taken out of the farmer's pocket goes into the dealer's pocket.

THIS is a crude case; but it illustrates in a coarse way one of the most widespread diseases of modern society. It is a disease that is at the root of the high cost of living and the industrial discontent. The producer is impoverished on the one side; the consumer is impoverished on the other. Between the two is the fat spider who grows bloated and prosperous on the misfortunes of its victims.

We talk about the beauties of private enterprise, about the advantages of free competition, and about the shocking thing nationalisation which would rob us of these precious things. But private enterprise and free competition are vanishing before our eyes.

Everywhere, in almost every trade, the small man is disappearing before the giant monopolist who controls our trade and our credit, fixes the prices we shall pay, rules out competition, crushes the independent tradesman, and commands the public to "Stand and deliver" on his own terms.

There is a banking octopus, a newspaper octopus, a fuel octopus, a sewing-cotton octopus, an electric octopus—in short there is hardly an essential of life which has not fallen or is not falling under the despotism of a little group of men, rings, trusts or combines, who hold the trade in the hollows of their hands.

I SHOWED recently in these columns how the milk industry of this country is becoming a vast monopoly which grips the producer with one hand and the consumer with the other. I showed, too, how the great tobacco combine is piling up its gigantic reserves, watering its capital with bonus shares, and fixing its own prices to the public without a shadow of free competition, for the small firms that seem to be free are generally only the pace-makers in price for the giant growth under which they flourish.

But these are only examples of what is becoming a universal system. In one trade after another there springs up a powerful trust which is practically despotic. It may leave a few little men outside to give the appearance of free competition; but they are serfs of the trust. They have to sell at the price the trust dictates or be squeezed out of existence. But they generally willingly obey the trust, for it means high prices for themselves and a shelter behind the big brother from competition.

THE public are helpless, for they have no alternative. Take an example of how it works. The electric lamp industry is controlled by a combine which includes over 90 per cent. of the trade. No competition can live beside it. In 1919 this combine purchased in Holland one and a quarter million half-watt lamps at about 3s. a-piece. Those lamps were sold to you and to me at 12s. 6d. —a profit to the combine of 9s. a lamp, *or over a million sterling profit on that transaction alone.* Shade of Dick Turpin! And we send people to prison for stealing a pocket handkerchief!

Who needs to be told of the gigantic plunder of the building rings? To compare it with highway robbery is to insult the highway robber. The rings in such branches of the trade as light castings have become so absolute that the practice of submitting tenders is a farce. There is no competition. The price is fixed by the trust and the public has to pay or go without.

No doubt there are economies in these combinations; it may even be that the public sometimes gets its commodity cheaper. But the cream goes to the monopolist. Producer and consumer alike become creatures of a tyrant power, and free choice and free competition are alike eliminated.

THINK for a moment over the significance of this fact. In 1918–19 the great Coats firm produced 20 per cent. less sewing-cotton than they did in 1913–14, the year before the war. Naturally you assume that their profits were less. On the contrary, they rose from £2,634,388 in 1914 to £4,895,149 in 1919—an increase of 86 per cent. That is, the fewer goods they produced the more profit they made. Think what that means to you, the consumer.

Is this despotism to continue unchecked? Is it not time that the public were defended against the modern Dick Turpin? I do not preach the nationalisation of industry, but I do insist that there must be some public control of these vast predatory organisms.

If a minimum wage was legally established, compulsory arbitration would speedily follow.

The Donnybroo

Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, whose abandonment of the Industrial Council is criticised by our contributor.

ONE of the evil legacies of the war is an industrial "wage system" which would be more correctly described as a baseless, formless, chaotic muddle. The shipyard engineers at Southampton lately issued a fairly typical example of it to excuse their "unofficial" strike: they protested that while they, skilled workers, received 47s. 6d. a week, or about the same as the town's road-sweepers, labourers at the local electricity works were getting 51s., tram-drivers 58s. 10d., dockers 60s. 6d., and policemen 70s.

In this promiscuous jumble of discrepancies and injustices you have the cause of the plaint raised by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hichens against the largeness of wages paid in "protected" trades, as compared with the wages which it is possible to pay in trades subject to international competition.

It is not my present purpose to discuss the fairness of any of these rates of payment: I am only pointing out that while such anomalies exist, we are not likely to allay the tumult of discontent which threatens to wreck trade.

Consider a concrete case. Mr. Brown, a skilled mechanic, reads that the dockers have stopped work. He is told that this is the most wanton strike on record; that it is utterly impossible for the men's claims to be conceded. A few days later, he reads that the men have obtained all they asked for. Next week he reads that the tram-men are "out." Again the *Daily Howler* screams that this is the very worst strike that ever was, that it is wicked to ask for more wages in a business which is notoriously living on its losses. A few days later, he reads that the men have obtained all they asked for.

Imagine the effect in working-class homes. Mrs. Brown, the wife of the craftsman who has spent years in learning his trade, naturally wants to know why the wife of the street sweeper next door should have as much to spend as she has. She

An Amazing Document

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

HUMANITY is more divided and estranged than ever before in its history, says our contributor. The fury and bitterness which characterises the politics of Labour's left wing, are largely the creation of the World's indifference to human suffering. Men fight with men—and the women pay the price.

ONE of the most pathetic appeals that ever came my way reaches me through the office of this paper. It is from a woman. She signs herself "A Miner's Wife Who Knows." What does she know? I make bold to say that she knows little beyond the fact that life is bitter and hard.

Here is a poor woman, evidently borne down with the sorrows and sufferings of a hard lot, evidently, too, a woman with a kind and sympathetic heart, who raises her cry against the injustice in life, against the tyranny of economic law, against the sordid and deforming cruelty which creeps into our fierce commercialism, and who can express her indignation only in a few ill-spelt and awkward words which touch the heart but leave the mind with a sense almost of despair concerning the intellectual helplessness of such sufferers.

SHE asks me to tell her what the miners should do when all appeals to the masters fail, and proceeds as follows:

"The Masters don't live far away from the Pitts often they know their Houses are rotten tumble down sheds they are called in to see them and us Wife's are told if we are not pleased to quit

"they are publishing loud to the world their risk, but what about a Miners risk every morning when he leaves his Wife and Children he never knows if he is coming home he work less hour's but how many hour's have he to sleep off bad air when he come's home I never see any of these things in the paper

"two mothers died this week in one row, *why*, because they had no strength to bring their children into the world

"how can a Miner speak if he don't Strike"

There is the letter. If it is not a political document, and a political document of great importance, I have never seen one.

Study it carefully, and reflect that this is the twentieth century and that for fifty years we have been spending millions of pounds on education. Study it carefully and try to visualise this woman in her home which is no better than a tumbledown shed, in a row of such houses where two women died the other day because they had no strength to bring their children into the world; visualise her so moved with indignation by an article in a newspaper that in spite of all her cares and labours she sits down at a table and writes the letter which you have just read.

I suppose that there was scarcely a slave in Athens 2,000 years ago whose knowledge of culture did not exceed that of this British woman in the twentieth century. Why is she unable to spell easy words, to understand the simplicities of punctuation, to express herself with some elementary hold on the principles of logic? She has nothing wherewith to challenge the world save a cry of rage and indignation. The State has so handled her, here at the centre of the greatest empire the world has ever known, that a negro conductor on a Canadian railway could better express himself in the English language.

HERE is neglect worth thinking about—neglect perilous to the dignity and strength of the Commonwealth. Not only is this poor woman debarred from all the pleasures and exaltations of our great literature, not only is it for her as if Shakespeare had never lived, Bacon had never thought, and Newton had never measured the heavens, but she lives utterly outside the great world of ideas in which most of us spend our lives, and has no misgiving that in uttering her ideas on economic law she may be talking the greatest nonsense.

Emanuel Shinwell, member of Parliament for Linlithgowshire, National Organiser Marine Workers' Union, and Secretary to the Department of Mines.

Notice that confident and contemptuous question at the end of her letter: "How can a Miner speak if he don't Strike." Perhaps behind every strike which paralyses industry and delays social reform there are suffering women of this character.

THIS is one political aspect of her letter. Let us now consider a second. Although she cannot spell, and although she cannot reason, this woman is justified in her indignation against the social order. How great is the indictment she brings against journalism, and also against religion and philanthropy, when she cries out, bitterly enough, "I never see any of these things in the paper." Say what we will about economic law, the conscience of man revolts against the conditions in which this woman lives, and revolts against the brutal indifference of her husband's employers. But how often does the *Times* draw the attention of its readers to the housing conditions of the miners, or the *Daily Telegraph* organise a crusade against the tyranny of such employers?

"I never see any of these things in the paper." Believe me, the fury and extreme bitterness which characterise the politics of Labour's left wing are largely the creation of the world's indifference to human suffering. Our civilisation is not in any vital contact with those who do its hard work. We are not united in one body. We do not suffer with the sufferings of others.

THOSE who have more than they want have no human relation with those who have insufficient for barest decency. And those whose duty it is to enlighten the public mind, and to quicken the national conscience so that we may be all drawn together as one body pursuing one great and ennobling ideal, shut their eyes to hideous sights which utterly disgrace us, and stop their ears against bitter cries which would rob us of our peace. Humanity is more divided and estranged than ever before in its long history.

Let me thank this woman for her letter. She has done the State some service. No one, I imagine, can read such a document without earnestly setting himself to make things better. But let me also tell her that the colliers of the country are strongly organised, possess votes, are specially represented in Parliament, and can make their wishes known without striking; and let me assure her that there are mining villages in Nottingham as beautiful as anything in England, and colliery owners as sympathetic and humane as any employers in the world. It is not the system which is wrong, but individuals.

FURTHER, let me invite her to send the name of her husband's employers and the name of the village in which she lives to the Editor of this paper, and I undertake that he will honourably investigate her allegations and fearlessly publish a full report of the matter, with the names of these employers, if his representatives find the facts to be as she has stated them.

...brook Scramble!

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

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is not pleased to see the children of the policeman across the way dressed in smart new clothes on Sundays, while she is hard pressed to keep her Billy and Betty in boots.

If Mr. Brown at such times happens to be feeling a bit sore, too, about his luck, he may resent the addition of her reproaches to his sense of injury, and seek surcease of care at the corner "pub." Here he meets Jones, the tram-driver, who can afford to buy two pints to his one, and takes pride and joy in "rubbing it in." After making cursory reply to Jones, Mr. Brown, more than ever disgruntled, passes Mrs. Smith, the docker's wife, radiant in a brand-new gown.

And as he remembers that he left his worried wife anxiously patching the shabby old "best dress" in which she looked so nice two years ago, what wonder that he changes his mind and vents his griefs in clamour for the strike!

And so, in vicious monotony, turns the ruinous whirligig. In both the recent industrial upheavals, arbitration and concessions were yielded to the brutal bludgeon of the strike, though for many previous months they had been stubbornly refused. In both cases, papers of the *Daily Howler* type had shrewishly scolded and screeched at the strikers for demanding preposterous impossibilities. The natural result of the men's successes will be increase of class bitterness and strife, and more exasperating outbreaks like the "lightning strike" at Wembley: that is as inevitable as increase of naughtiness in children whose silly mothers hysterically smack them whenever they ask for anything, and hasten to give it them as soon as they start to yell and kick.

That way madness lies. The only way to industrial peace and stability is by substituting for actual wage anarchy, a reasoned and geographical subsistence basis for every trade, with supplements proportioned to the workers' grade and skill. The only authority capable of fixing such a basis is a National Joint Authority like the Industrial Council so suddenly started, and as capriciously abandoned by Mr. Lloyd George.

If that Council were revived, and the minimum wage legally established, compulsory arbitration would speedily follow. Until then our suicidal Kilkenny cat methods seem likely to continue.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Liberals thought they had got him. The Conservatives feared they had lost him. The Socialists knew they could capture him. It was only a question of time. And if it hadn't been for that drop of 3,000 votes in his last majority, he'd have gone over before now. After careful soundings in the right quarter, however, he was satisfactorily apprised of the feeling of his supporters—some of whom wondered why he had been so long about it!

Greatly to the annoyance of the proletarians, the Labour Party is becoming more and more highbrow, more and more aristocratic, day by day. It will shortly, say comrades Kirkwood and Maxton, be all brains and no backbone, all peers and no punch! But their natural vexation at the thought of fraternising with Lord Curzon's son-in-law will turn to curiosity when they get to know him.

FOR he's all backbone and punch and not by any means over-endowed with that "grey matter" which some of his new colleagues seem to fear so much.

A few folk might be impressed by the way in which he wraps up a platitude in a telling or caustic phrase and makes it look very imposing. But he is not really a thinker at all; he is capable only of verbal squibs and oratorical catherine-wheels.

Oswald Mosley is a kind of parliamentary Peter Pan—a boy who has never grown up. Labouchere was one too, but he was the type of boy who never tired of putting out his tongue at everybody and everything; whereas Mosley is a boy who walks the earth with a perpetual frown and whose only antic is to shake his fist at humorists like "Labby."

BY his own family he is regarded with admiration tempered by indulgence. By his wife's family—especially by the noble Marquis, his father-in-law—he is treated as a sort of family joke: "A nice young fellow, a very nice young fellow, but as wild as you make 'em. However, he'll tone down with years."

It is amusing to think that only seven years ago he was busy consigning to perdition the very man under whose banner he now professes himself honoured to serve. But that is typical of him. He is a child, a terribly earnest child, who is subject to tremendous enthusiasms. A thing must be violently denounced or vigorously supported. There is no half-way house.

The key to his character is a consuming egotism. This must somehow find expression, and the Labour platform seems about the best for such a purpose. He has the temperament of a Churchill, and in many respects rather resembles him. "Better," thinks he, "a front-bench in the house of Labour than a back-bench in the House of my father-in-law."

Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P.

BUT he'll never be as popular as Winston. He never even had a nickname at Winchester. "Oswald" was considered quite sufficient! And in his Sandhurst days he was sometimes "ragged."

A serious young man, who may go a long way if he learns in time that the more serious his work in the world the less seriously must he take himself.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Chauvinism à la Mode

by HARRISON OWEN

"NON *coupable*" was the plea of M. Raymond Poincaré, Premier of France, when charged with impeding a general European settlement.

In presenting the case, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that at innumerable Pleasant Sunday Afternoon orations M. Poincaré had declared that France would not come out of the Ruhr until the last penny of reparations had been paid, but in his latest speech he had said that France would remain where she was until provided with guarantees "equivalent to the economic guarantees seized in the Ruhr."

"This seeming modification in M. Poincaré's attitude," continued counsel, "is calculated to have a distinctly disquieting effect upon the British taxpayer. There is, too, good reason for suspecting that this talk of satisfactory guarantees may mean that France will evacuate the Ruhr if this country agrees to the cancellation of the French war debt or else the transfer of the debt to Germany.

"IF the Expert Committee suggests a reduction of the amount assessed against Germany, any such reduction must imply an all-round abatement, and not preferential treatment of France at the expense of England. Now the accused is evidently prepared to try further 'franc' attempts at bluff. At the forthcoming elections he hopes to get back to power on an election cry of 'Make England pay,' though, of course, being an astute lawyer, he can be relied upon not to put it quite so crudely as that."

Reminding the Court that "Possession is nine points of the law," Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, stated that his client, having obtained possession of guarantees in the Ruhr, naturally was not going to surrender them except at a price, and surely the price mentioned was not one that great and wealthy England would consider too high to pay for the pacification of Europe?

THE jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull said that if the prisoner imagined that Great Britain would cancel France's war debt, while making heavy sacrifices to pay her own debt to America, he must have taken French leave of his senses. "If any such proposal is made," continued the judge, "I can only hope that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will reply in his broadest Scotch accent: '*Je ne parle pas Francais*,' for the Poincaré dialect is a variety of French that cannot be learnt without tears, and which is never likely to be understood by those of us who were taught our ideas of financial morality in England.

"The prisoner's persistent refusal to offer anything more conducive to a general settlement than pictures of Europe produced by the 'tricolour' process, and his inability even to discuss the reparation problem except from the top of a metaphorical Eiffel Tower, constitute a very serious obstruction of the highway to a permanent European peace. The prisoner is already bound over to come up for judgment before the French electors on May 11, and I must direct that he enter into an additional bond for 48,000,000,000 francs (which, at the present rate of exchange, represents roughly the amount of the French debt to England) to be of good behaviour between now and that date—after which, I fancy, he will stroll along the Boise de Boulogne with a slightly less independent air."

Magdalens of Society

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

OLDER than age is the woman with the painted face, the bright seductive eyes and the inviting smile. What tragedy there is behind the fixed mask of the harlot—or what cynical cruelty! She is Society's mistress and somebody's daughter.

ON the streets! An unfortunate—a prostitute—so the moral outcast is flippantly designated.

My hospital is the rendezvous of such people. Diseased, doped and degraded humanity find within our walls an outlet gate of escape from themselves. Without trimmings and trappings let me recount some of my experiences.

There are two classes of prostitutes. Some are born to it—it is bred in their bones and marrow. The rest have it thrust upon them—unemployment, hunger and penury are the driving forces which lead to its adoption.

ON the professional prostitute pity is wasted. The majority of them are callous, heartless and contemptible. They are like hardened criminals, and without any redeeming quality. Let me tell of such a one.

"B.I.D." (Brought In Dead) cases are not unknown in any hospital. One day a man was brought in with his head and legs severed from his body. He had thrown himself before an oncoming Tube train.

An Army officer, he was on furlough from India. The week before, he had drawn the arrears of his pay amounting to over £100. On his body at the time of his death there was 2½d. The police found that he had been living with a woman, and later she was brought to identify the body.

On leaving the mortuary, she laughed scornfully and said, "He told me he would do it, but I didn't think he would make such a good job of it."

"You knew it," I said. "Why didn't you tell the police?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Why should I?" she replied. "It is not my business."

At the inquest I talked with the victim's mother. She was a widow—the wife of a clergyman. She said that up to his coming to London her boy had never given her a moment's anxiety.

One of his brother-officers told me that he was the whitest man he had ever known. The mother returned to her home bereft of her only son. The "cause" went out on to the streets in search of other victims to contaminate and destroy.

* * *

THE amateur prostitute (if I may coin a paradoxical phrase) is in a different category. Homeless, penniless, and friendless, she succumbs to temptation. The life is nauseating to her. She sins, if sin it be, because Fate has offered no alternatives.

THE "unco guid," with supercilious airs, dilate upon the prevalence of immorality. What do they know of it? I have seen these so-called outcasts at close range. I have listened to their plea for a chance to go straight. I have watched them fighting against overwhelming odds. To quote an East End costermonger, "My Gawd, it makes yer fink!"

From my storehouse of tragic memories, let me cull an illustration.

One of my most amazing cases is that of a girl, fourteen years of age, who came into the hospital to be confined. She was scarcely more than a child in appearance as well as in age. How it happened she would never tell. It was only by subterfuge that we learned where she lived.

Her father was a ne'er-do-well: her mother was worse. That child had never had a chance. From her first breath she had been steeped in every form of vice. Degradation was her normal environment. She came into the hospital for what is a crisis in every woman's life. She passed it successfully in the birth of a child.

One day when I went into the ward I saw a sight I shall never forget. The girl-mother was tenderly nursing and smiling down upon the helpless mite she had brought into the world. She was with us for three weeks, then she was found a comfortable home, and her baby was placed in the care of a kind motherly soul.

We still hear from her. Every now and again a bunch of flowers reaches the hospital. A postcard is attached bearing the words "For the ward where my baby was born."

MICHAEL ANGELO, the famous sculptor, one day picked up in the streets of Florence a piece of rough stone. He carried it home, and in his own masterly way carved out the figure of an angel. There appears little of the angel in the prostitute.

The cynic would say that the only resemblance is to a fallen one. But when the rough cast is broken away and one sees it as it is and not as it appears to be, a different personality is unfolded. Generous to a degree, affectionately disposed, loyal to the man—all the qualities that go to make decent women when they have a chance in life.

Health First—then Love!

by PRESTON KING, M.D., J.P.

Hon. Physician, Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath.

A CLEAN bill of health should be enforced on those who bring children into the world. Certificates of fitness should be handed in with notice of marriage banns, says the writer, who also urges sterilisation for criminals and lunatics.

NOT long ago Mr. Justice Roche, in passing sentence on an epileptic, is reported to have said, "In my opinion the medical profession would be performing a public service if they studied seriously the question of sterilising both men and women with tendencies such as this man has. To allow them to produce is breeding from the worst of all stock and propagating disease and crime."

Coming from such a source these words should not be treated lightly.

WE hear much in these days of the proletariat. Lothrop Stoddard tells us in his "Revolt against Civilisation" that in ancient Roman society, "the sixth, or lowest social class, made up of paupers, vagabonds, and degenerates, was exempt from civic duties, military service, and the payment of taxes. But was this class debarred from having children? Not at all. On the contrary, it was positively encouraged to do so. These dregs of the Roman populace were termed 'proletarians'—'producers of offspring'!

"IN other words, a man might be incapable of civic duties, incapable of bearing arms, incapable of paying taxes, but was considered not only capable, but especially apt for bearing children, who were accepted as his contribution to society. Think what an attitude on racial matters this implies. No wonder Rome fell!"

It is my opinion that mental deficients, the insane and epileptics, should never be allowed to become parents. They ought either to be kept in institutions for the rest of their lives, so that they should be no danger to the next generation, or else some form of sterilisation should be practised on them, to prevent all possibility of parentage, when released.

I am also an advocate for sterilisation of criminals who have been sentenced for definite periods of penal servitude. In this country a criminal can now serve the time and again beget children when he comes out of prison. I look upon this question as one of very grave import to civilisation.

THE nation's health is not what it might be. If a clean bill of health were made necessary for all persons desiring to marry, there would be less C3 men and more A1 men in the next generation. This question should be regarded from Nature's point of view, and by some accepted means the nation's stock improved.

One might be an alteration in the marriage laws. There could be, of course, no guarantee that A1 parents would invariably bring A1 children into the world, but they are more likely to add them to the population than C3 parents.

IF a health certificate of fitness were necessary to secure the marriage certificate, it would remedy a great deal of the poor physique and disease which is now being inbred among the race. The parents of the next generation will be selected by law.

Another thing in which we show extreme carelessness is insanity. An insane man or woman is taken care of by the State and, with expert treatment, gets better and in due course is released. No precaution is ever observed to secure that these unhappy folk do not become parents of little children likely to suffer in their turn from the parents' infirmities.

Nature's law was the survival of the fittest, but we are flying in the face of Nature when we seek to educate, at enormous cost to the nation, the very mentally deficient children now crowding public institutions. When they are educated up to a certain stage, they become a serious danger to the State.

There is no complete cure for a mental deficient, and I would not allow a presumably cured, or improved deficient, out of the State's control. The same observation applies to those who have been insane at any period in their lives.

I take rather a sad view of the dangers we are building up, by our indifference to vital questions like this, for which remedy might be made possible.

A clean bill of health should be enforced on those who bring children into the world, apart from marriage. A certificate of health and fitness, too, should be handed in with the notice of banns for marriage.

THERE is an urgent need for some alteration in the present marriage laws that would ensure stringent precautions being taken that disease, insanity, and criminal instincts should not be passed on.

Without proper surroundings of a civilised upbringing, in decent dwellings, with home influence and education, a child has not the chance to develop. As Bateson, that great authority on heredity, says, "Education, sanitation, and the rest, are but the giving or withholding of opportunity."

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"MINE is the old story of a man disabled in the war. I have the use of my limbs and I am active and healthy enough save for my lungs. I am not consumptive, but my injuries are such that no Company will insure my life at any price. I am told frankly that it is only a question of 'hanging on.' I cannot do efficient work, and so cannot keep a job long.

Broken by War

"Thus I am a burden to my wife, and the strain has broken her health. She is now in a convalescent home, and has no future but to take up her burden again when she comes home. I am useless, and have no hope of improvement, but a certainty of gradual failing. Time after time I have lost work, exhausted, beaten.

"Would it not be the more courageous and manly thing to put an end to it all in the obvious way, leaving my wife with only the little one to support, rather than ruin her life and health completely?

"At least I could leave her to live her life alone, and bear my own burden, or sink under it, alone; for all my wife's uncomplaining sacrifice she cannot make me any better, and can only bring her own health down to the level of my own, to the detriment of the interests of our little son.

"I may add that, although I am not actively consumptive, I am being constantly watched for symptoms of T.B. and my panel doctor, on hearing that I had had medical training, told me frankly that should I contract any lung ailment, T.B. would inevitably follow."

"Humanist" says: *No, my gallant friend, true courage means fighting on to the last. Do not break your wife's heart. God knows you have suffered and are suffering sorely. I do not know if anything can be done for you, but if you will send me further particulars I will try to find someone to help.*

"MY husband was shot down 20,000 feet during the war and was taken prisoner, and ever since that time he has been a terrible sufferer with nerves, although he never applied for a pension. However, for the last two years things have headed towards a crisis. What with shell-shock and over-study, his nerves gave way and he disappeared from home, each time scaling high walls, trees and even church steeples. He was found and is now undergoing mental treatment.

A Plucky Wife

"Now my people and his people advise my waiting a longer period before turning round and becoming the breadwinner. Yet this is the position: No income coming in, no means whatever, and very little ready money left. If it lasts a fortnight it will not do more.

"The medical superintendent of the Home takes a very grave view of the case and thinks it will be a long one, although he advises me to wait before altering my plans. We are trying for a pension, but I have little hopes of receiving anything for my two young children and myself, though it is probable they will support my husband.

"I love my husband. If I go away, as I shall have to do to support myself, I should have to sell the home which we have only just completed, and all my husband's work and suffering will seem in vain. I could not go and visit him as I do now.

"Yet, I must support my children."

"Humanist" says: *I think you are justified in working. You have medical advice that your husband cannot make an early recovery; which means that you must take his place as guardian and supporter of the children. You are fortunate to be able to do so. And you are entitled to a tribute of sincere praise—as a brave soldier's wife.*

"A GIRL friend of mine is in service with rich and influential people. Her two little charges are aged six and eight, and she is watching them being driven into imbecility before her eyes by the cruelty of their father. He is always bullying the children and periodically, when in drink, takes them into a locked room, ties them to the bedstead and flogs them.

Save the Children

"Their mother, who is terrified of her husband, dare not interfere, and, in any case, seems quite indifferent about what happens to the children.

"When my friend remonstrated with their mother, she replied: 'They are his children; he can do as he likes with them.'

"If this cruelty occurred in a working-class family the neighbours would inform the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and something would be done. But this goes on behind locked doors. The children's previous nurse threatened to take steps, with the result that she was sacked at a moment's notice, and has not been able to get another place, as the children's parents refuse her a reference. What can my friend do?

"She is afraid that it would be worse than ever for the children if intervention by her were unsuccessful, as she thinks their father is really more or less insane through drink."

"Humanist" says: *If I were your friend, I should tell the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. To safeguard the children is their task. There is always the difficulty that intervention may be dangerous for the children. But the Society has great experience and resources and can be trusted to move wisely.*

"WHEN my husband obtained a post as foreman foundryman in Scotland, we moved with our family of seven, girls and boys varying in age from seven to eighteen years, to the city where we now reside. The only home we could get was a one-roomed dwelling, but we hoped this would be but for a time and that after a little search we would obtain a five-roomed house.

Home or Hovel?

"Our efforts have been in vain, for after weeks of house-hunting we are still in the hovel where we started our new life. As a mother who has the welfare of her children at heart, I feel in despair. The awful surroundings of slum tenements, the drunken neighbours who look for nothing better than life in such a warren, the reeking air of a room where the cooking, the sleeping, and the living of a family of nine continually follow one another, are surely bringing on a breakdown in my health.

"My husband has a good job which he would be loth to give up, but what can be done? Our eldest children are growing towards manhood and womanhood and they are living in surroundings which would harm the morals of a saint."

"Humanist" says: *You are a typical sufferer by the housing shortage. Your husband has a good job. Try to get a job for the eldest child to live out, and send the next in age to relatives till you can get a decent flat. I can only hope you won't have too long to wait.*

"TWO years ago I obtained a post in the pay-box of a kinema house and shortly afterwards the manager began to pay me attentions under the guise of a single man, seduction following after I had obtained from him an offer of marriage.

The Girl Betrayed

"He kept up his deceit until my baby boy was born and then finally he admitted he had a sick wife in a distant suburb. He agreed to pay for the upkeep of the child.

"It is now six months since the death of his wife, and I suggested that he had the chance of marriage which before he was denied. The callous man refuses to carry out his duty. I feel that I would be doing no evil if I laid bare his true character to his masters."

"Humanist" says: *The rule seems to be clear—not to marry unless you love your prospective husband. You give your son a name that is no honour at the expense of your own happiness. Do you think he will appreciate that when he grows up? Suppose you meet another man? You cannot marry him; if you marry this cad. You can sue him for breach of promise and endow the child.*

A Suffering Fiancee.

"My fiancée's father drinks and makes rows. I cannot yet afford to marry. To see my girl suffer drives me mad. What can I do? My home will not be completely ready for eight months."

Help her to be patient and courageous and don't wait too long for marriage. An unready home might be preferred to an unhappy one.

The Home-worker.

"I house-keep for my widowed father. My brothers and sisters work and contribute. They think, because I don't earn, I should stay at home in the evenings so that they can go out."

You earn your keep as much as they do, and are equally entitled to reasonable recreation. Explain this amicably and I am sure they will agree.

The Danger Line.

"A friend has offered to sell me cloth—I am a draper—at less than cost. He is in difficulties, and I need the stuff. Would it be dishonest?"

Not if he is solvent and likely to recover. If not he is parting with his creditors' property, which would be clearly dishonest. Why not pay for it what it is worth? That is safe—and certainly not ruinous.

Unmarried Mothers.

"Can you tell me of any society which will help a young girl who is expecting shortly to become a mother? Her people refuse to help her, and unless something is done the worry will drive her insane. Perhaps it is unfortunate that she has been rather well educated."

Write to the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child, 117, Piccadilly, London, W.

The Friend's Position.

"My friend's wife is betraying him. Should I tell? It will lead to breaking up their home, and the children will be the worst sufferers."

It is not your duty to break up another's home. If you know the wife—give her some friendly and good advice. If we all reported people of whose conduct we disapproved, life would have additional distractions and added terrors.

Patriotism or Comfort.

"My father, who is doing well in America, wishes me to go out there and become naturalised. He will provide for me. I want to remain a British citizen."

I think it worth making a sacrifice to remain British. But there is no moral turpitude in going out to your father and getting a good living. If you do, you owe something to the country of your adoption.

The Spoilt Son.

"My father is an old age pensioner; my mother and I work, and are keeping my mother's sister, who is delicate. She has a married son, in work, without children. He is willing to get a room for his mother and contribute a little, if we contribute what we would save by her departure."

Let the son support his mother. It is his job, not yours. He obviously needs a lesson in moral and filial duty.

Monkey Tricks.

"My next-door neighbour keeps a monkey, which terrifies my children, who are unable to play in the garden. Why should I be compelled to send them into the dangers of the street to play?"

You are not. Ask your neighbour politely to keep his monkey under control. If he refuses, consult a solicitor. Monkeys, however, are not usually dangerous.

The Reformatory Boy.

"A boy working under me is seventeen. At thirteen he was sent to a reformatory. He refused to give away his 'pals' and took the punishment. He is a good boy but his boy-colleagues chaff him and he is afraid his past may thus reach his boss. He asks me to tell the boss on the quiet. Should I?"

Yes. He wishes you to do so. Speak up for the boy at the same time. Always help the man or boy who is trying to make good to do so.

Words Winged to Women

Women Tied to Wheels

by MABEL HORNER

MODERN woman is tied to wheels. When the wheels cease to revolve, train, tram, 'bus or bike, chaos very soon results. When the wheels of factories stop, so does the money.

Woman must keep the wheels moving, be they mangle, sewing-machine, or the still more tyrannous cycle of meals, or the place ceases to be a home. Now, there is some dissatisfaction because women have taken to wheels with a wider range.

Miss Seventeen gaily careers along the summer roads on a motor-bicycle in the same manner as her adventurous brother.

"All this is very wrong," say the wise-heads. "The world is turning upside down. And why has woman lost her love for the only wheels that really matter, the perambulator wheels that carry forth the coming generation for its daily airing?"

She has not.

Nature will see to that. Implanted deep in the heart of every true woman is the love of little children.

What modern man should ask is whether or not he has helped to make the conditions that render love of perambulator wheels a wild dream at best for many women? Modern man makes war, and war kills off many thousands of our best, so that marriage, home and children for an equal number of young women becomes an impossibility.

BUT there are others who marry and remain childless. On the word of Principal A. B. Garvie "there are women in this country who are proud not of being mothers, but of not being mothers."

If the women referred to are of the smart set their numbers are negligible. If the words are uttered of women at large they are not true. If the statement of mere frequent marriage without children is true to fact, there is a reason.

What do landlords say? Immaculate walls and grave silence is preferred to the romping of children.

Where are the newly married to go? In most cases they must fit into homes already over-crowded, or crowd into rooms where even a toasting-fork must be selected according to its ability to fold and hang flat against a wall. The rate of infant mortality would drop at once if children already born could have space and air to breathe.

MOTHERHOOD, except in a spiritual sense, does not enhance a woman's beauty. The care of little children on restricted incomes, and in restricted quarters, does not leave a woman with much leisure for other companionship. Does it ever occur to those who so readily condemn modern women for their careful thought taken before undergoing the agonies of child-birth, that part of the modern distaste for motherhood may be because of modern man's distaste for fatherhood?

Does modern man prefer the wheels of the perambulator to the wheels of motor-car and motor-bicycle?

The only true homes are those where both parents share equally both happiness and responsibility and loss of freedom. We can only have perfect generations of children, reared into the proper appreciation of the duties and privileges of citizenship, when this equality is undertaken.

Theoretically, it is man who goes forth to earn the bread and woman who keeps the house and cares for the children. Where it is possible for this ideal to find expression it will generally be found that the wheels of the perambulator turn as merrily as ever.

When they do not, instead of blaming women who refuse to be mothers, we had better ask if the wheels of the armament race bear too heavily, if taxation is too oppressive, and above all, if we are sure of food for the babies when they come.

Minute Men and Women

EVERY minute, someone has said, there is a fool born. And in America the phrase "Minute Man" has come to be applied to people more or less inclined to folly or ignorance.

Don't be a Minute Man. In other words, don't be a fool!

There are all kinds of ways of being a fool. There are all kinds of people ready to make us fools.

The man who trys to sell you a block of shares in a dud company; the shark who gets money out of you on false pretences; the quack who tells a tall story and leaves you broke—these and many others are believers in Minute Men. They know there are such things, for they are fleecing them every day.

EQUALLY, you can be a fool if you let slip past you what is your right. That pension you are worrying about—those ex-Service problems—how do you stand with them? Are you being let down?

And in the home, too. Mothers, are the tradesmen making Minute Women o' you? Is your home the ideal home or the ordeal home? Are your problems being settled in the right way?

THERE is no need to be a Minute Man any longer. The Society for the Prevention of Minute Men has now come into force. But it has a better title than that. It is called JOHN BULL'S FREE ADVICE SERVICE.

And it exists for the sole purpose of advising people, giving them help in their problems and worries, putting them wise! It doesn't matter what your problem is—finance, sport, wireless, domestic, business, ex-Service—we have an expert ready to deal with it, and save you time and money.

Write to JOHN BULL about it, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, and laugh at the people who try to make you a fool. We have helped thousands by this service. We *want* to help you!

Don't be a Minute Man or Woman!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"Altho' the Bill I had to kill
I'm sorry for its mother,
It's true it's dead, but in its stead
She'll no doubt get another."

This hungry pair you'd think would share
The pudding—would you not!
But no, the mite gets not a bite
—The Fat Boy gets the lot!

To cross with ease on stones like these
You've got to be a master,
For on the trip one little slip
May land you in disaster.

The Junker crew may make a stew
To add to Fritz's troubles,
But all their wrath is mostly froth
And all their bombs are bubbles.

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When it Pays to "Follow the

If You are a Wise Punter you will Listen-in when

MONEY was broadcasting its talks to the world hundreds of years before the advent of the loud-speaker, and it is still going strong with unabated eloquence. Money talks everywhere, and there is no place where it pays you better to "listen-in" than the race-course. Money has its messages for all who have the intelligence to hear and comprehend.

If you are a punter wise in the ways of the race-course, money will tell you which favourites are most likely to win and which apparently raging hot-pots haven't a ghost of a chance. If you are a "mug" money will still talk to you, for there is no pride about the root of all evil. I will shout "good-bye" very loudly and very clearly in your ear.

Following the Money.

Punters who make up their mind to "follow the money" should be very careful to ascertain whose money it is they are following. Bookies are adepts at the practice of putting up false favourites, so you will need all your wits about you. Stay-at-home punters must, of course, trust to luck and intuition, but the punter who attends meetings can save himself much money by studying the market.

Stanley Wootton's and Gilbert Bennett's are two stables that never put down their money unless they are pretty sure of the goods, and they make their presence felt in the market to such an extent that the public can always share in their good things.

Wootton the Wizard.

Stanley Wootton is a trainer to follow this season. He has some useful horses in his stable, but what is more important is that this clever young trainer possesses an uncanny knack of knowing where to place his horses to win. He believes that "little fish are sweet," and worries more about winning many small races than securing occasional big prizes. "Watch Wootton!" is the slogan for every alert punter in 1924.

Some Racing Records.

It is not often that a trainer succeeds in carrying off four races in an afternoon. Bennett and Poole think nothing of doing the hat-trick, and I believe I mentioned the occasion upon which I saw the Lewes trainer saddle five horses at Plumpton and win with the bunch. Denman, who showed what Sir Gallahad could do, trained the first, second and third in the Grand Prix. This wants a bit of beating. Another splendid feat was achieved by Tommy Loates, one of the old favourites, whom I saw ride five winners in an afternoon. In the sixth race he finished second.

Handicapping the Handicapper.

Knowledgeable French racing men declare that Epinard was over-weighted for the City and Suburban and Kempton Jubilee, and it was no surprise when the French flier failed to accept for either race. Certainly it seems that our handicappers have Epinard on the brain, and the wonder-horse seems to handicap them into impotence so far as the other horses are concerned. Whether Epinard was or was not over-weighted for the City and Jubilee is a debatable point, for the horse has yet to prove himself as a four-year-old.

But there is no doubt that the handicappers have been kind to the other French entrants for these events, and we may find another Sir Gallahad in our midst before we know where we are. I can tell you now that Joyeux Drille is very much expected for the Jubilee.

Horses and Humans.

Soulless people who regard horses as four-footed betting-machines cannot hope to make money at racing. Some horses are just as complex and contrary as some human beings, although that is rather a hard thing to say about dumb animals. There is Soval, for instance, which won't race at home, but which will go great guns on a race-course when he is feeling amiably inclined, whilst as a contrast there is Clymping, which smashes up all trial tackle on the training ground, but refuses often to race when asked to repeat his home exploits in public.

Last week, for once in a way, he relented. Glass Idol nearly broke his trainer's heart before winning the Great Metropolitan last year, and there are still people who continue to back Tons of Money. Where race-horses are concerned you never can tell.

Town Guard's New Jockey.

Domingo Torterolo, the famous Argentine jockey, is in England, and I understand that his special mission is to ride last year's Derby failure in all his races. Town Guard has accepted for the Jubilee, and is also entered for the Ascot Gold Cup.

This Week's Selections.

GATWICK, WEDNESDAY.
CLINCH, HOUDALE.

GATWICK, THURSDAY.
ARGO NAVIS, GRANPAU.

NEWBURY, FRIDAY.
DONZELON, GOLDEN BOSS.

NEWBURY, SATURDAY.
PHUSLA, MAIN ROYAL.

PADDOCK PARS.

Entangler and Kirndance won for the code last week. Ascham, Sir Greysteel, Lady Clara, Pomme Royale were all placed.

I tipped the 10 to 1 winner, Vindictive, for the Quarndon Handicap, in JOHN BULL.

Frank Bullock is full of energy. He proposes to ride regularly in France on Sundays.

Lord Derby hopes to win the Derby with his Gimcrack winner, Sansovino.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 19.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

Home Winners.
*Villa, *Bolton, Burnley, Everton, Notts. C., *Sunderland.
Draws.
*Birmingham v. Sheffield U., Chelsea v. Newcastle, *Manchester C. v. Huddersfield, Middlesbro' v. Liverpool, Preston v. W. Ham.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

Home Winners.
Barnsley, *Blackpool, *Clapton O., Derby C., Hull, Port Vale, *Wednesday, *Southampton.
Draws.
Bristol C. v. Oldham, *Coventry v. S. Shields, Palace v. Manchester U.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (Northern.

Home Winners.
*Accrington, *Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, *Rochdale, *Rotherham, Southport, *Wolves.
Away Winners.
*Walsall, Wrexham.
Draws.
*Barrow v. New Brighton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (South).

Home Winners.
*Swansea, Charlton, Gillingham, *Merthyr, *Plymouth, Queen's Pk. R.
Away Winners.
*Millwall, Bristol R.
Draws.
*Northampton v. Portsmouth, *Norwich v. Luton, Swindon v. Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.
*Aberdeen, *Falkirk, *Motherwell, Partick, *St. Mirren.
Away Winners.
*Rangers, *Dundee.
Draws.
*Hamilton v. Hibernians.

For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.

Will Scotland Beat

I HAVE been exhorting the F.A. Selection Committee to get off the beaten track in their choice of an English team, and they have done so to the extent of giving the football public a shock. Against Scotland at Wembley this week-end the English centre-half will be Spencer of Newcastle United, a player so unfamiliar that even in some of the newspaper offices they were asking who Spencer was when his name came up on the tape!

It remains to be seen whether Spencer is a success, but the selectors are to be congratulated on experimenting with a position which has not been satisfactorily filled since the war. Wilson has his limitations and Hill is not class enough, and Spencer has not to play wonderful football to reach the standard of this pair.

I did not think a great deal of him when I saw him early in the season, but he appears to have developed and has got the coveted cap because of a taking display in the Cup semi-final. It is seldom a man gets picked on one performance, but I wish Spencer luck and I hope he proves to be the centre-half we have been looking for.

Others All Right.

I am not also in disagreement with the selection of Walker as the English centre-forward. This was his old position until he became the best inside-left in the country, and he cannot have lost his natural qualification for the job.

I do not regard Butler as the greatest outside-right in the country, but here again the experiment is justified since Butler and Jack play particularly well together, and as it was thought that Jack played well enough against Wales to keep his place in the National team, Butler receives an honour which might otherwise have escaped him. He is not a finished player, but he is very fast and is not afraid of a tackle.

There is not much the matter with the other players chosen. The defence is good, and while I should like to have seen Grimsdell the left-half and not Barton, the latter has reliability if not the inspiring influence of the Spurs man.

Scots Advantages.

But can England win? I doubt it. Scotland have a pronounced advantage at half-back, sufficient, I think, to hold up our forwards for most of the game. Then their forwards are much more likely to play better together than the Englishmen and Harris might have a very successful afternoon if Spencer is a failure.

Fortunately, in the circumstances, we have the better defence. Smart is not a bad back even if not a great one, and his association with Wadsworth and Taylor should be stimulating. The Huddersfield pair will not let us down.

All the same it is difficult to see how England can win.

Scottish Wage Limit.

There is no great joy in the ranks of the big professionals in Scotland over the proposed wage limit. Many of the

Money"

Money Talks

HORSES TO FOLLOW

Palefroi.—This French horse scored very cleverly at Lincoln. He will win again for Wootton.

Zona.—Nearly upset a heavy gamble on Pomander when running Wootton's horse to a short head. Follow this three-year-old.

Gifted.—This two-year-old was backed like a good thing when just failing at Lincoln. It will win in its turn.

Morestel.—In a secret trial Batho's horse came out many pounds in advance of the useful Entangler. Follow Morestel throughout the season.

Diomedes.—Follow this two-year-old until he is beaten. It will take a good one to do it.

Clinch.—Is certain to win races and can be confidently followed.

Legality.—Ran well against Poisoned Arrow, although obviously far from fit. Should pay to follow.

Darkness.—Is more than likely to win a mile selling race.

Egresh.—A useful horse in plating class, and worth backing in long distance selling plates. He was knocked over at Lingfield.

Irish Eagle.—Did not meet with the best of luck in the Quarndon Handicap at Derby, but I do not think he would have beaten my selection, Vindictive, which won at the nice price of 10 to 1. Irish Eagle was second best and should be followed.

Head First.—There was a big tip for this fellow to win the Welbeck Selling Plate. He finished third at 10 to 1. Make a note of Head First.

Treasum.—Lord Glanely's youngster is very fast from the gate, and very nearly upset the hot-pot, Reclosure filly, in the Sudbury Plate.

Soldennis.—A champion sprinter and good enough to beat most of the speedy ones at six furlongs. He failed by a length to give Mill Belle 17 lb. at Liverpool.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle, and *Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).*

A2OBHEFT8NMUPS

J K Z Y C D G Q L I W X V R

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

FSJPDGJNSB would read GRAVE FAIRY.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from April 9 to April 15, inclusive.

Gay Angela.—De Mestre's three-year-old put up everal very fine performances last year. I put her down in my twelve horses to follow and I recommend that she be backed first time out.

Hanging Fire.—Ran a good race behind Lucentio at Derby and should be backed each way if seen out again within the near future.

Viz.—Was beaten on the post by Kojinup at Warwick. The horse should have won, and will probably do so next time out.

Polymorphus.—Ran green at Warwick, but was going exceedingly well when he swerved near the post, and was beaten half a length by Moosmo.

Polybiscus.—This Epsom-trained gelding wants very strong handling. With the necessary assistance from the saddle he will improve on his second to Repaid at Warwick.

"SILVER RING."

England?

Thistle should stretch the Rose in the big International.

celebrated players on the other side of the Tweed have not done themselves so badly in recent years, and if the scheme goes through they will have their incomes reduced fifty per cent.

I know of a few men who get as much as £20 per match, a figure that even in these days is a pretty fair remuneration for an hour and a half's activity.

A Cheerful Finalist.

There will be no more popular figure in the Cup Final than Frank Hudspeth, the good-looking Newcastle back who goes through his matches with a smile which never wears off. Frank enjoys his football. He has nothing much in the way of representative honours, but inferior players have been in the national team.

Hudspeth cost Newcastle next to nothing when signed on from an obscure and now defunct North Eastern club, and in 1923 he had established himself as the regular partner to the famous Billy McCracken.

The Scottish Cup Fight.

North of the Tweed the Hibernians have been having a desperate struggle for Cup honours. Last year defeated in the final by the only goal scored against them in the whole Competition, the Hibs. are going all out to secure the trophy now. In the fourth round three games with Partick Thistle were necessary before the Hibs. entered the semi-final, and two goalless matches with Aberdeen have resulted so far in that round.

This Week-End.

One game this week-end is going to have some bearing on the top and bottom places in the First Division. This is the Arsenal-Sunderland fixture, and the Highbury team will not appreciate the fact that Sunderland want the championship. Chelsea may find Newcastle in a less serious mood on Tyneside, but who can expect the Londoners to win? A win at Blackburn for Bolton will keep the Wanderers in the running for top place, and Cardiff and Huddersfield, two other candidates for the leadership, may win at home, but Huddersfield will miss Taylor and Wadsworth.

In the second Division Leeds United will not have much to spare against Derby County, if anything, but Bury should beat the Wednesday and keep themselves in the two first places.

In the Third Division the Wolves seem all right now for a season in Div. II., but in the other section there is going to be excitement to the end. One of Swansea's remaining chances goes if they are beaten at Brentford as all of the other leading clubs are playing at home, and will probably win.

SOME COUPS.

7 HOME:—Sheffield U., Spurs., Bury, S. Shields, Millwall; Celtic, Rangers.
3 AWAY:—Ville, Swansea, Wolves.
3 DRAWS:—Leicester v. Blackpool, Blackburn v. Bolton, Fulham v. Clapton O.
3 HOME, 3 AWAY:—Sheffield U., S. Shields, Millwall; Swansea, Wolves.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Millwall, Villa, Fulham v. Clapton O.

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AND
CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN
(Member of the leading Sporting Clubs.)

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SPORTING LIFE, Feb. 2nd, 1924.

LETTERS

time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.
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Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.

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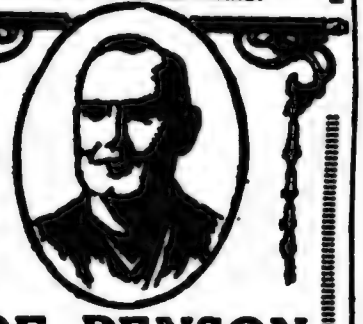

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People who are not Pitied.

Many men and women are disliked and blamed for sour, irritable temper and snappishness, when they ought to be pitied. The fault is not in the mind or disposition. The nerves are starved. A nervous person suffers in ways that do not show. Any sudden noise causes real anguish to the nervous. But when, through being starved, our nerves become too susceptible, they hurt cruelly. That is nerve trouble.

Your nerves can only be fed by your blood. Your blood can be fed by Dr. Williams' pink pills—the most wonderful blood-food and nerve tonic known to science. Go to your chemist for Dr. Williams' pink pills, and you will find that your appetite, nerves and temper soon show the good effect of a small dose after meals. They have effected wonderful cures in thousands of really severe cases, where mere irritability has been followed by agonising neuralgia and headaches.

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FREE.—A treatise on the home treatment of nervous disorders will be sent free to all who write to F. C. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

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A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well-known beauty specialist, recently gave out the following statement regarding grey hair:

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"These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

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Our Letter Parliament

Is Home Work Slavery?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Good for the Parent.

Mrs. Fisher's article will, I hope, foster practical interest of parents in their children's home-work. Remembering my own schooldays and how I used to flounder alone with home lessons, I invariably make a practice of assisting my youngster with hers. I find she not only acquires wider knowledge, but takes pleasure as well as interest in her work and, besides, it keeps me from getting rusty.—*W. J. Hall, Plumstead.*

Home Work an Evil.

Home lessons are an imposition and an evil. Educational authorities penalise the working of children under certain conditions and ages, the while they actually encourage overtime cramming in the home. We grown-ups are glad when the day's toil is done to relax a little. What, then, of the children whose day's task is every bit as trying? They have no chance to forget. The worries of the school-room haunt them in their home. —"*Had-some.*"

Book Knowledge.

Mrs. Fisher "touches the spot." Home-work has a use, but consideration must be given to the quantity and the type. A boy interested in handwork will take to it as a hobby and thus the link between school and home is not difficult. But in the secondary school the heavy burden of home-work is inevitable as long as the leaving examinations (*e.g.*, Matriculation) are as they are. The outside examining bodies set too much value upon book knowledge. Preparation is a matter of physical endurance.—*Graduate, London.*

A Scholar's View.

Do we want home-work? No! School is all very well in its way, but it isn't the only interesting thing in life. Some people want us to do home-work to keep us quiet and "out of mischief." Others think that children hate doing home lessons only because they are lazy. So they keep us pegging away, doing in the evenings what ought to be done in school hours, and then, later on, they will join in the chorus about "our useless girls" who can't mind a baby, sew, cook, or shop. They will forget that we were robbed of much of our home life.—*School-Girl, Govanhill, Glasgow*

Little White Slaves.

Mrs. Fisher says "home-work is invaluable." No work can be valuable when it is at the expense of the very life-blood of the child. Like thousands of other little "white slaves," my children come home at 5 p.m. tired of lessons, have a hurried tea, and start their home work. Many and many a night it is 9 and 9.30 before they have done. The great trouble is that each "special subject" master or mistress sets a task on that particular subject, without reference to what the former teacher has set.—*Mrs. L. C., Hull.*

System Wrong.

I agree with your contributor that a better feeling should exist between home and school, and between parents and teachers. Too often there is a veiled hostility instead of a whole-hearted co-operation to make a really good citizen out of a child. With sympathetic help from the parents, very often the child's work can be made more than interesting. But at the same time I believe that there is something wrong with an educational system that demands *so much* home-work from its students.—*Howard J. K., Bolton.*

Gain or Loss?

There is much to be said in favour of Mrs. Fisher's argument for home-work for children, but at the same time there is much to be said against it. When a child returns from school it is in need of rest and recreation after its day's work, just as is the man of the house after his. In most cases this is denied it, for the evening has to be put in on home lessons from the school. What the child gains in knowledge (doubtful after all), is lost in health and physique.—*Mrs. Hill, Preston.*

A Safeguard.

A very efficient safeguard to adopt when sending money to strangers, or strange firms, is to obtain a post office money order (not postal order) and mark in space provided in left-hand bottom corner, "payment after 10 days from date," and make payable at local G.P.O. If the goods are not then received within eight days or are not satisfactory, the sender must write the G.P.O. where made payable, and stop the payment and obtain the money back. This method could be successfully used when sending for supposed bargains, etc.—*J. N. D., Reading.*

Courtship or Calamity?

Unmarried girls have sacrificed life and honour, and have sinned in the matter of life's greatest experience because of the unnatural fencing set about them by their mothers. The right to love is a natural heritage it is wrong to deny either a boy or girl. Mothers who discourage honourable courtship are guilty of encouraging the selection of life partners on barnyard principles. Open courtship should be countenanced; the perils of clandestine love-making are great. There would be fewer unmarried mothers if the mothers of our grown-up girls were more wise.—*A. M. B., Halifax.*

Sterilisation.

Dr. Marie Stopes merits the thanks of all good citizens by reason of her outspoken article. The sterilisation of all feeble-minded persons would be a decided benefit to the community, and would alleviate the suffering of these unfortunates launched into the world. They would cease to be a burden on the State, and in the course of time we should have an A1 nation—mentally, if not physically. I say with Dr. Stopes "Sterilise them!" —*L. Nicholson, S.W.11.*

Money for Work.

I rather like the way in which the Government of Northern Ireland remunerates its M.P.s. Each member receives £200 per annum; and two guineas for each sitting of the House at which he is present. The maximum number of sittings for which payment is made for any one year is eighty. If this method were adopted by the British Parliament, it might serve to stimulate many of our M.P.'s, who consider that their duty ends at the polling booth.—*S. Garrett, Dunoon, N.B.*

True Temperance.

Many will endorse the recent remarks made by Miss Elisabeth Williams in recommending the public-house as a club for the working-classes of both sexes, where not drink alone, but refreshment of all kinds, is obtainable. Quite recently a country publican informed me that he would just as soon supply a cup of tea as a glass of beer, the profit being the same on the sale of either. Another pointed out that he could serve several pints while he was cutting one bread-and-cheese. This type of publican is seeking his own destruction.—*J. Adams, Codsall.*

The Workers' Bogey.

If your suggestion that a scheme of Old Age Pensions should ever become a part of the National Insurance scheme, a burden would be lifted from the minds of thousands of British workers. Is it not the fear of the future haunting the workers' minds that causes so much industrial unrest? The man in the street would care little what Party the Government in power represented if it instituted practical reforms of this nature.—*H. S.*

The Old Homestead

While your correspondent's letter regarding a family of seven adults still clinging to the old home may be an ideal state of family comradeship, it savours very much of shirking responsibilities. This old grey island would be a sorry place indeed did we all decide to hang around our mother's "apron strings" after we had all grown to men and women. However blessed and good our parents and our home was to us in boyhood and youth, there comes a time when man, following his instincts, wants to be "boss of his own shanty."—*Home.*

East, West, Home's——

"Happy's" case is interesting. It is also rather amusing. How could this happy family have come into existence if "Happy's" father and mother had never found any attraction so great as mother and home? And by all the laws of progressive nature it is time this happy family disbanded, and set about the pleasant duty of producing other happy families to ornament the next generation. The four daughters (all unattached) are to-day's bouquet of roses. Their mother the faded rose of yesterday. We must also have the rosebuds for to-morrow's posy!—*Very Much Attached, Rossington*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie".)

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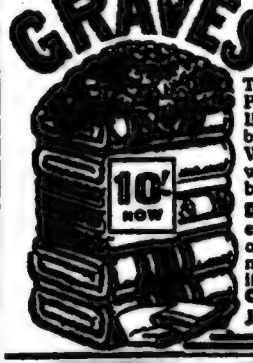

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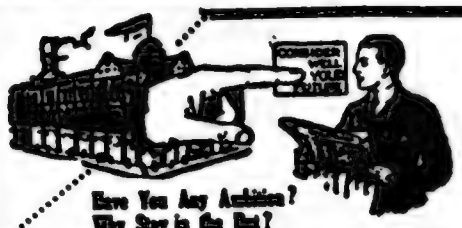

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Motoring for the Million.

Taxation or Relaxation ?

by MOTOMAC

AS we have repeatedly recommended the Austin Seven as the car for the million, it is pleasing to record the continued successes from the Austin Stable. So far in 1924, and most of the events are still to come, they have eleven awards to their credit.

The latest first place in the New Zealand light car championship is particularly gratifying, as we do want the overseas trade, on which our prosperity was built.

The Morris Company are also doing their bit to keep our reputation good. They have got their production up to over eight hundred cars per week. It is a pity that every one of these 'buses will have to stand a fine of £1 per month immediately it commences its joyous career.

Seeing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is left with a surplus of forty-eight millions, and professes willingness to reduce the Entertainments Tax, why not use some of it to make it easier for the worker to enjoy motoring? Mentally and physically the outlook would be brighter for the worker, and the charm could not fail to work all round. This is one of the cases where we could follow America.

There, the existing duties on motors work out at about fifty shillings per car, and big reductions on that are coming along as the result of a recent decision of their Government. The car industry ranks third in importance over there, corresponding to the position of our textile trade here, but we don't penalise our textile trade.

The Chief Constable for Birkenhead has been saying a wise word to the pedestrian. "Pedestrians must wake up." "The Unconcerned way some of them set out to cross a busy street," etc.

MOTORISTS have been saying this in their own restrained fashion for some time, and really if the pedestrian only knew of the nervous strain that his carelessness imposes on the man at the wheel he would be more considerate. On greasy roads sudden and unnecessary application of the brake, caused by wilful loitering of other road users, is a frequent cause of disaster.

I stress it here as JOHN BULL has a much bigger non-motoring public than any of the purely trade papers.

A car which can be purchased for £100 is always an interesting proposition, and the New Carden is receiving the recognition it deserves. It is a very smart cycle car, capable of sustained speed over long distances, and with good hill-climbing propensities. In upkeep it costs no more than a motor-bike.

Air cooled horizontal twin cyclinder engine, ample for its load, seven h.p., which, of course, means a light tax. For sporty events the two-seater is the better proposition on account of its higher gear ratios, but a family car with a chummy shell body is offered for those who have the children to think of.

Every good week-end can provide a picnic at a very low cost, if somewhere there is a Carden available, and children, young and old, enjoy an alfresco lunch amongst the gorse or the bracken.

* *

For particulars of new cars and accessories not mentioned in this article send to Motomac to this office.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

Motoring at Tram-fare

The Austin Seven

Gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination.

Running cost is under 1d. per mile or no more than tram-fare.

Seats two adults with children; has electric lighting and horn and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is watercooled, three speeds are provided and brakes fitted on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun. Electrical starter.

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THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.
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C.F.H. 113

New Carden

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The "New Carden" has ample power, is thoroughly reliable, and is the most economical light family car on the road to-day. It takes 2 adults and 2 children anywhere you wish at a cost of approximately 1d. per mile. Fully equipped with hood, electric lighting, etc. We shall be pleased to show you how sturdily it is manufactured, give a demonstration run, and explain our Extended Payment Plan.

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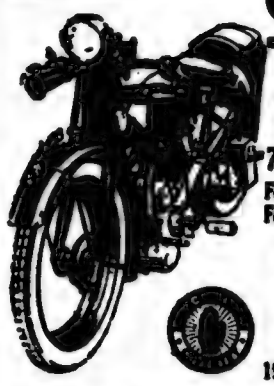

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Other Models from £35 to £115 all fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

Send for Art Catalogue "D."

The Enfield Cycle Co. Ltd., Redditch

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

J. B. (Ramsey).—"It is time the nation woke up." Where's the alarm?

R. T. (Ashton).—"I sent you a long letter about the milk trust." We skimmed through it.

P. A. D. (Thornbury).—"I am up at five o'clock even in the coldest weather." What a lark!

D. T. (Bermondsey).—"March certainly did not 'go out like a lamb.'" More like frozen mutton.

T. P. (Norbiton).—"He told me he once slept for a solid week." That sounds like a good lie.

W. A. (Finsbury Park).—"I am always fighting with my coalman." What is he—a lightweight champion?

T. H. R. (Shoeburyness).—"Life is full of rough edges." Have you just had your collars back from the laundry?

T. S. (Ilkley).—"Our politicians should use their brains." Some of them, however, are hampered by lack of material.

FRED (London, E.).—"I have the choice of working on the road or remaining on the dole." It's up to you to take your pick.

F. F. (Hennington).—"In my opinion, the Cabinet will fall to pieces." Your idea is that there is a screw loose somewhere?

P. W. (Pimlico).—"I always try to take things quietly." We once lost an umbrella through somebody adopting this method.

J. G. (Banff).—"Nationalisation won the war." There, now, and we'd always thought the Army had something to do with it!

P. G. (Finsbury).—"There are a lot of counterfeit florins about." The genuine Two Bobs, of course, are known by their musical notes.

B. T. (St. Albans).—"It annoys me to think that women will carry a crying child in a crowded thoroughfare." It is pretty evident the child is up in arms, too!

A. N. (Bath).—"I saw both the winners of the Lincolnshire and the Grand National in one dream two months ago." Send us particulars of the supper you had the night previous.

L. P. (Bradford).—"If the nation is to provide railway fares for M.P.s., they should travel third." Some of them, before they open their mouths in Parliament, should travel first and broaden their minds.

H. W. R. (Dorchester).—"Someone told me that you were never unkind to people who mean well." We hope that is true. For the sake of the people who mean well, we must be unkind to the people who don't.

T. R. (Derby).—"How's the world treating you these days?" Very seldom.

S. M. (Fenley).—"Dancing is the way to a girl's heart." Not if you go *via* her toes.

P. O. (Woking).—"What rights has the poor man nowadays?" A hand and a foot.

D. A. (Thrapston).—"There are germs everywhere." Even laughter is infectious.

A. McP. (Perth).—"Talk is cheap." Yet you Scots are reputed to be a strong silent race!

S. V. (York).—"I've just heard of a new song hit." Good! Most of them ought to be.

D. D. (Flint).—"Our climate is very trying, don't you think?" We do, but it rarely succeeds.

C. F. (Vauxhall).—"The beer question is a serious matter." It's certainly a question of gravity.

F. B. (Oadby).—"What do actors do when they're not on the boards?" Mostly go on the rocks.

I. O. (Bath).—"It's surely not a crime to back your fancy?" No, but it's often a sad disappointment.

H. G. (Peckham).—"I trust I have not wasted any of your time." Your trust has not been misplaced.

E. T. (Cardigan).—"Men sprang from apes, of course." And some obviously didn't spring far enough.

G. M. (Gisburn).—"I firmly believe that we reap what we sow." Then you've never tried gardening.

L. P. N. (Highgate).—"Some postage stamps I had the other day wouldn't stick to the letters." Buy gum!

G. Y. (Brixton).—"I have never before written a letter to any paper." What a sad thing it is when one takes the first wrong step!

L. P. (Canning Town).—"Don't be offended by my blunt language." Not at all. But it would be a relief if you sharpened your pencil.

D. V. (Douglas).—"From a hill on the Isle of Man, a view of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales can be obtained." But is it worth it?

S. M. (Durham).—"I was so frightened by a bull last week that I ran four miles and then jumped a brook, twenty feet wide." Not much of a jump surely, considering the run you took.

R. N. (Willesden).—"A woman's work is never done." Yes, and that sometimes applies to her cooking.

G. A. C. (Lincoln).—"I've a grudge against the Post Office." So have we. Still, we suppose the postman had to deliver it.

Tag (Accrington).—"It is the upper class who go in for late dinners." Personally we like ours served prompt to the minute.

E. C. (King's Lynn).—"Do you think I ought to go away?" Most certainly. We can't for the life of us understand why you came.

M. P. (St. Ives).—"If a convict escapes good luck to him." Splendid; and if he breaks into your house next week more power to his arm.

N. H. (S.E.9).—"I've just heard of a house-to-let!—2 bed., 2 recep., kchn., bth., gdn., etc." The excitement makes us go all over h. & c.

U. R. (Nuneaton).—"I have always been very good-looking and popular with the girls." It is probably your modesty that appeals to them.

J. J. P. (Seven Oaks).—"My neighbour's bull-dog frequently invades my garden." Has the animal become attached to you yet?

P. S. (Caterham).—"I am sending you a funny story." Thanks. We remember laughing at it so heartily that we nearly fell out of our perambulator.

C. J. (Harlesden).—"My daughter told me the other day to go and boil my face." You were quite within your rights in declining the suggestion.

RADIO FAN (Knightsbridge).—"An American Professor claims that pain can be transmitted by wireless." We can well believe it. We've heard some.

L. D. (London, E.).—"An Englishman's home is his castle." Yes; but isn't it annoying when the gentleman in the castle above is learning step-dancing?

C. U. (Norwich).—"Now that we have given America the right to search British ships we can no longer sing 'Britannia rule the waves." We must change it to "Britannia waives the rule."

H. S. F. (Leamington Spa).—"An application of vinegar ensures a peaceful night." The way we ensure nocturnal peace is by the old-fashioned method of an application of water, out of the window, and direct from the jug.

J. K. (Molesey).—"Either you're wrong or someone else is." All we can say is that we're not.

R. S. (Kingston).—"I am about to go to a warmer climate." Gracious! We'd no idea you were as ill as that.

K. P. G. (Bristol).—"There isn't enough room in this country for the population." Nor enough rooms.

F. A. W. (Glossop).—"The cannibal who eats a missionary shows good judgment." But shockingly bad taste.

P. R. E. (Mansfield).—"Are the poor class-conscious?" Except when the teacher's lessons positively invite sleep.

K. O. (Hull).—"I flatter myself I have an open mind on this subject." That's obviously why all your ideas have got loose.

G. J. (Harrow).—"Lord Rothermere can hold his own in the Press." And he can undoubtedly hold his peace in the Lords.

L. D. (Cromer).—"For goodness' sake learn to be tolerant." We started practising on you, but we hadn't much success.

T. Y. (York).—"I have written a poem about Wembley." Never mind, the Exhibition will no doubt be a success in spite of it.

M. M. (Brighton).—"Can you give me a tip how to alter my luck?" Never back anything but dead certs., and then put your shirt on.

VERA S. (Chiswick).—"I *must* tell you how *much* I enjoy your *very* interesting replies." Thank you *so* much. We're *frightfully* bucked.

A. J. (Barnes).—"Life insurance is just a gamble." Exactly: you bet you're going to die and the insurance companies bet that you're not.

J. H. I. (Tooting).—"Do you intend to print my remarks regarding income tax?" Not until we commence to publish on asbestos.

HOUSEWIFE (Paisley).—"I wish someone would invent a really good portable cooker." Many people would prefer a really good fixed cook.

G. T. (Nevern).—"Having said my say I will now read my JOHN BULL." You'd save us both a lot of time if you read it first next time.

F. J. (East Ham).—"A good many little tipsters are making a fortune rapidly." It must be a case of small prophets and quick returns.

D. H. (Vauxhall).—"I always feel I want to sing at the early hint of Spring." When next you send to us a letter, write in prose—it suits you better.

H. V. (Haslemere): "Five families live in the basement and two in the attic." Now we know the meaning of "The higher the fewer."

V. K. (Croydon).—"The American makes money by keeping up a bustle." Not always. Many an American makes money by keeping up a still.

N. J. (Birmingham).—"My husband was so pleased when our baby was born that he bought a piano." So now you have a baby grand and a grand baby.

"WORKER" (Thirsk).—"What is a gentleman?" A man to whom the addition of any number of noughts to his income makes a difference of nought.

R. W. A. (Southampton).—"My pullets haven't produced an egg for weeks." *Bullets* has just produced twenty-five big Easter Eggs—and it's no chicken, either.

G. S. (Cardiff).—"Somebody must have dropped the microphone when they broadcast the speeches from the banquet here, the other day." It certainly sounded as if it had had a drop too much.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

Straight from the Shoulder

COMM. BELLAIRS, M.P.: The great British public demands measures, not men.

But it takes "Men" to frame measures.

* * *

M. POINCARE: France is not imperialistic.

Then why does she need a thousand fighting aeroplanes, a steel-ringed Europe, and a Black Empire?

* * *

G. N. BARNES: In Germany it is said there are millions of unemployed.

Why worry about Germany when in England it is known that there are?

* * *

Mr. BALDWIN: I am delighted to learn that the Navy League is taking up the question of Singapore.

You're becoming an adept at supporting lost causes, aren't you?

LORD CURZON: I have been at the Foreign Office for the best part of six years.

And a fine old mess you made of your job.

* * *

R. F. CHEESEMAN: To be quite plain, Socialism means hell.

And to be even plainer, your idiotic remark means nothing.

* * *

LADY ASTOR: I do not consider the work of politicians very important.

We don't often agree with you, but—shake hands!

* * *

CHARLES WHIBLEY: Political energy is largely wasted energy.

It is, but it needn't be. That's our perpetual grievance.

No. 1

Plain Facts about Oil

Remarkable Development of the Cambrian Trust Properties

AN announcement of considerable importance to the general public will shortly be made on behalf of the Cambrian Trust Ltd. In the meantime, certain interesting developments relating to that organisation are to be recorded.

The Cambrian Trust Ltd., as the reader will doubtless be aware, is a corporation established for the development on semi-co-operative lines of certain oil-lands in Arkansas, U.S.A.

Although only a comparatively small sum is risked by the individual investor, yet, in the event of oil being struck, the owner of the plot upon which the discovery is made stands to secure a very handsome fortune.

By an ingenious "pooling" system, the whole of the plot-holders participate in a percentage of the proceeds. The territory controlled by the Trust is extensive; it is situated in what is definitely certified by geological experts of the highest standing to be promising oil-land; consequently the prospects of ultimate profits are considerable.

The Directorate

Recently the Cambrian Trust Ltd. has been entirely re-organised in order that the project may be carried out on the most vigorous and efficient lines. The following are now Directors of the Trust: The Viscount Stopford, O.B.E., Major Gerald Steele, O.B.E., Geo. Peel Lely, Esq., Lieut.-Col. C. R. Phillipps, and Major Arthur Haggard. Needless to say, before associating themselves with the Cambrian Trust, these well-known men have satisfied themselves as to its *bona fides*, its financial standing, and its prospects.

It is well known that all development of oil-land is "speculative." Some of the richest oil-fields in the world were quite unsuspected until a chance boring disclosed their existence. Of course, even in a "speculation," reasonable care is necessary, and investors should not confuse the Cambrian Trust Properties with any other offer of American oil lands.

The Cambrian territory lies in the heart of proved oil-bearing land. Such well-known oil-fields as Smackover and El Dorado are adjacent, *and the Cambrian lands are geologically identical with these proved oil-producing regions.*

Leading Oil Expert Joins the Executive

In this connection, it is interesting to observe that Mr. E. H. Cunningham Craig, B.A., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Member of the Council of Institute Petroleum Technologists, late H.M. Geological Survey, and Author of the standard book "Oil Finding" (*Edward Arnold*), has just returned from a visit to the Cambrian properties. As a result of his investigations, Mr. Craig has accepted the appointment of Consultant Geologist to the Trust.

What he Saw and What he Says

Discussing his recent tour, Mr. Cunningham Craig said:—

"I believe the Cambrian Trust to be a genuinely good speculation. Other oil interests are now concentrating their activity upon sections of Grant County in close

Mr. E. H. CUNNINGHAM CRAIG, B.A., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Consultant Geologist to the Cambrian Trust Ltd.

proximity to the Trust's properties, and in this connection the Texas Company is expecting to get a well in any day. Should oil be struck on the properties of the Cambrian Trust in Grant County, then its plot-holders will be in a very good position indeed. There is reason for assuming that oil may be concentrated on the properties, and therefore the serious development operations in hand at the present time are amply justified.

"Personally, I think this very likely, and I think I have found the district, which, by the by, is not far distant from the present property of the Cambrian Trust Ltd."

But Mr. Cunningham Craig took care not to divulge the exact district which he has selected as being one of the new oil-fields of the States; he did, however, permit us to state that the Cambrian Trust Ltd. has, upon his advice, already secured properties there, and was at the moment engaged upon negotiating for others.

In conclusion, Mr. Craig said the new oil-fields of the United States must be looked for in the Cretaceous formations which, by the by, underlie the Cambrian Trust's properties. "In my opinion," he added, "based upon what I have actually seen during my visit, I am bound to admit that *the public purchasing these plots are being given a square deal with really attractive possibilities.*"

The Technical Press Puts the Case Plainly

"PETROLEUM TIMES"
February 23, 1924

"We are pleased to state that from an investigation which we have been privileged to make during the present week, it has been proved to our full satisfaction that not only is the Cambrian Trust Ltd. in actual control of the lands offered for sale, but that the laws of the State permit the definite allocation of plots to those small investors in foreign countries who have a desire to hold them. We have further had the opportunity to examine official documents dealing with the lands in question, and have perused cables passing between London and the Cambrian Trust's representatives on the fields. Our studied conclusion is that every contract and undertaking entered into is being religiously upheld, and active developments are now taking place upon the lands, while, judging from reports from official sources, there appears every reason to believe that the properties have good potential values as to their oil-bearing character."

"OIL NEWS"
March 22, 1924

"When we announced on December 15 last that the Cambrian Trust Ltd. had begun to drill on its properties in Grant County, Arkansas, we pointed out that its first test bore-holes had reached a depth of more than 300 feet, and that Dr. George C. Branner, State Geologist of Arkansas, was keeping a close and interested watch on the operations. More than three months have elapsed since that date; and we think that readers will like to learn the position as it stood at about the end of February this year.

"The *Arkansas Democrat* describes the campaign as the most intensive oil-drilling operations being conducted in the State at the present time in unproven fields. Five wells are being put down six miles west of Farrell; and two additional wells are to be drilled half-way between Farrell and the county city, Sheridan.

"All things considered, the operations of the Cambrian Trust on its properties are now in a highly interesting and promising stage; and further news will be eagerly looked forward to."

Next week, further interesting particulars relating to Cambrian Oil-Development and the unrivalled opportunities it affords the "small" investor will appear in this paper.

NOTE.—Upon the advice of Mr. E. H. Cunningham Craig the Cambrian Trust has purchased certain picked properties which they intend to develop shortly. Particulars will be sent upon application to the Chief Offices of the Cambrian Trust Ltd., 29, Regent Street, London, S.W.

Closed his shop because of INDIGESTION

If *you* get pain after eating; if you cannot work properly because of the torture of stomach upset: if you get those occasional stomach aches or attacks of sickness that are the warning signs of oncoming dyspepsia—read this letter:

"70, *Windmill Road, W. Croydon.*

I feel it my duty to write a few lines in praise of your remedy, as I have suffered from indigestion and gastritis for over 30 years. Have been in two hospitals with no good results, and have had to close my shop for a week at a time, not being able to work. Have tried patent medicines, but no good, so I tried Bisurated Magnesia—it gave me relief the first day. Thanks to your remedy, I now eat and drink what I fancy, which I have not been able to do for 30 years without pain. Anyone can write or call to prove my statement: you are at liberty to publish this as every word is true.

(*Signed*) *Thos. Lane.*"

The above is typical of thousands of other testimonials on file—all telling of the wonderful cures of stomach troubles by Bisurated Magnesia, the remedy that gets rid of digestive disorders by overcoming the *cause*. Don't *you* suffer needlessly: go to the nearest chemist to-day and get a 1/3 package of Bisurated Magnesia. This remedy will positively put you right and keep you so. Remember Mr. Lane suffered for over 30 years: yet

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA gave him quick relief

Bismag Ltd., London N.W.5

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin to-day at your Chemists

4s. 6d. a tin.

All the World Famed

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The pick of the Coventry makes on the easiest of all Easy Payments—Best Tyres, Three Speed Gears, Superbly finished —from £4/10/0

Swift, Rovers, Triumphs, Great Royal Standards, Premiers. Write now for Free Lists and Expert Advice to:—GEORGE KING, Dept. 99, Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

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IN AID OF THE MEATH HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

Conducted by R. J. DUGGAN

ORIGINATOR of the FAMOUS DUBLIN PRIZE DISTRIBUTIONS

£25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

1st £10,000 2nd £5,000 3rd £2,500

132 other Cash Prizes from £500 downwards

ENTIRE PRIZES MONEY DEPOSITED with "SPORTING LIFE"

NOT A LONG-DRAWN-OUT BALLOT

POSITIVELY CLOSING JUNE 2nd

GET YOUR TICKETS *NOW*

10/- each NUMBERED TICKETS 3 for 25/-

By Post from

R. J. DUGGAN, Dept. D, 16, Regent St., London,

or 38, Dame Street, Dublin.

On Sale at:—82, CHARING CROSS ROAD (Opposite Palace Theatre)

FADED SCARLET AND GOLD

Old Soldiers' Families Found Starving

THERE is a recent revival of pre-war military pomp which never fails to excite the interest and admiration of visitors to London.

Daily, towards evening, a party of the Guards who are doing duty at the Bank of England march along the Thames Embankment. During the war and for a long time after they were clad in khaki. Now they are once more resplendent in all their old time glory of scarlet and gold. The setting sun shows up the spotlessness of their white pipeclayed accoutrements, touches with brilliance the glossy sheen of their bearskin busbies, and glints from their polished bayonets in dazzling points of light.

It is a brave sight. A sight, you would say, to warm the hearts of old men and make urchins vow that they will be soldiers and proudly wear such scarlet and gold when they grow up.

Among the watchers on the Embankment who stared at the soldiers as they stepped jauntily along last week was a haggard-faced man who sat on a seat with his wife and child. They were footsore and famished, for they had walked from Norwich, and they had had very little food since they set out on their long, tramp. The poor fellow had had no work since last harvest, and he had come to London in the hope of finding employment at the British Empire Exhibition.

Can you imagine his feelings as he watched the gaily-clad soldiers go by on their way to guard the treasures in the Bank of England? For fourteen years *he* had served in the Grenadier Guards, and had performed the same duty himself. Now he was sitting, ragged and hungry, among the flotsam and jetsam of the Thames Embankment, with only tenpence in his pocket!

As the gorgeous uniforms of the Guards disappeared from his sight, the glory of scarlet and gold in the Western sky faded into grey, and his heart sunk as the sun went down.

With his few coppers he paid for lodging for his wife and child in a Salvation Army Shelter, and throughout the night he tramped the streets with weary feet, friendless and starving.

In the morning he came to us, almost dropping with fatigue. We made enquiries into his case, and "The Greatest of These—" Fund provided prompt assistance.

This is just one of many old soldiers' families whom we have found starving and rescued from destitution and despair with the help of your subscriptions. We need greatly increased support to enable us to deal effectively with the terrible distress which prevails, and we earnestly solicit more generous help.

Partly worn clothing in really serviceable condition, for men women, and children, is always welcome. We can find no use for rags, but a good suit of clothes will often enable a man to obtain employment.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Evesham, 6d.; E. H. (West Burton), 2s. 6d.; Regie, 2s. 6d.; C. W. Owen (Sutton Coldfield), Edinburgh Reader, 2s.; Belfast, 2s.; Cheerful (N. Devon), 2s.; M. and A. Thorp, 10s.; Conducting Me Right, W. H. B., 10s.; W. Ward (Brandon), 10s.; From North Ferriby (Hull), 10s.; "Amor," £1; "W.," £1; Competitor, 5d.; M. E. Stagg (Sparkhill), 6d.; Wolverhampton, 1s.; Mrs. A. M. Pearce (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5d.; Small Good wishes from Desmond, 5s.; Mrs. W. L. Edgeworth (Hythe), 10d.; A. Wythamite, 6d.; Brompton, 6d.; "Sorry for Horatio," 4s. 3d.; W. Y., Sartin, 1s. 5d.; W. A. Sharman, 6d.; From 9th Richmond S.W., 10s.; Idris (Teignmouth), 2s.; F. S. Martin (Crouch End), 4s.; My Ninth, E. G., 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; M. E. Diment (Wykeham), 7s. 6d.

Owing to pressure on our space during the last few months we have been unable to acknowledge a large number of subscriptions received. These have been compiled in pamphlet form and a copy will be sent on application, *post free.*

Result of Limericks—No. 2.

THE prize-winners in our second Limerick Competition, in which readers were invited to supply the last line to:

There was a young girl of Lausanne
Who thought she could play like Suzanne,
When she'd played half a set,
She remarked in a pet

are:

1st Prize, £5: W. D. Craig, Hamstreet, near Ashford, Kent, for
"Stop *at once*! We've no cameraman!"

2nd prize, £1: W. Bambrick, 58, Elfort Road, Highbury, N. 5, for:
"*I was* winning until you began."

A list of the 50 consolation prize winners can be seen at our offices, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, or will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Banjo Jazz with a Nickel Plated Amplifier

"Get the rhythm That sheet stuff's a lot of cheese
Man gimme the key and lemme loose . . . . ."
What's it all about? It's a specimen of the "modern" poet's work. G. K. Chesterton is having a tilt at him in this week's "Passing Show" and — well just read it — it's a scream!

PASSING SHOW

Every Saturday 2d.

GOLDEN EGGS!

"WHAT next, I wonder?" That is the question which a succession of surprising *Bullets* offers keeps on the lips of every competitor. Just as we preach the gospel of originality to *Bullets* competitors, so we practise it in our prize-lists. Whilst you are awaiting the result of the "Guineas" Contest, here is another exceptional offer—a piled-up basket of golden Easter Eggs.

The question as to what constitutes the ideal prize-list is often broached by our correspondents. But whether you favour the bumper First Prize or prefer to see the prize-money more evenly distributed, you will find the *Bullets* Easter offer to your satisfaction. It is a combination of a doubled First Prize of £500 and no fewer than one hundred and twenty-four other awards ranging from £100 down to £1.

A feature of the list is the offer of twenty fine "Easter Eggs" of £10 each. Normally, this useful sum figures in the *Bullets* "Big Five," but this week it is but one of a "Big Twenty-five." In addition to these novel prizes, remember that there are a hundred £1 cheques to be won, besides an increased list of 5,700 other awards. Now is your opportunity, and the special article below will help you to take advantage of it. Spend a quiet half-hour on *Bullets* this week and a big Golden Egg may be laid at your feet.

HOW TO WIN ONE

What is the best way of making *Bullets?*

There are so many methods to which winners have attributed success that to name a "best way" is impossible. We can, however, give competitors some sound advice on constructing their *Bullets.*

We want, more particularly, to help the reader whose rapid glance through the list of *Examples* leaves only jumbled thoughts and conflicting ideas. The remedy is simple—to work on only one *Example* at a time, without allowing aimless consideration of the others to distract your attention.

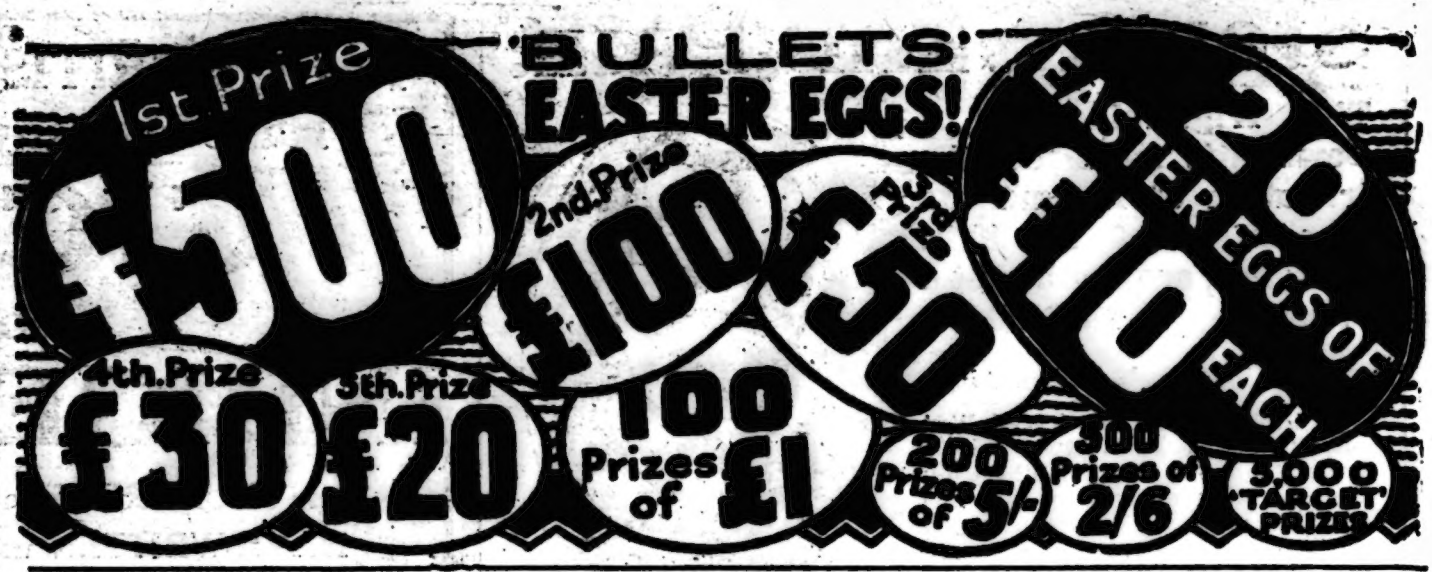
A good plan is to write down that *Example* on a separate sheet of paper, jotting beneath it the rough ideas which it brings crowding into your mind. Examine these notes in turn, enlarging upon them if necessary, meanwhile keeping a sharp look-out for any strong idea showing possibilities of a straight effort, and for double-meanings, puns, word-plays, contrasts, etc., which might be worked into convincing *Bullets.*

If one *Example* seems unproductive, test others similarly, remembering that others are thinking against you and that you must steer clear of obvious ideas to win a big prize. Beware of the clever-sounding phrase that fits itself almost immediately to the *Example*—possibly it may occur to others just as readily. Do not hurry—think slowly and logically, but not always *seriously*, since humorous *Bullets* are often big prize-winners.

Any list of winning *Bullets* illustrates how merit can be shown in widely varying ways. In the last £1,000 contest, for instance, the First Prize was won by a play on words, the Second and Fifth by straight simple phrasing, the Third by a double meaning, and the Fourth by quaint homely humour. Variety in your own efforts may prove as profitable.

Finally, make sure that each *Bullet* conveys clearly the meaning intended, that it reads smoothly without superfluous words or clumsy phrasing, and that it is as distinctive an effort as you can make it.

Here, briefly, we have shown you a systematic way of making your *Bullets.* A little care and patience thus expended and—*that £500 may repay you for your trouble.*



EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO 519.

LABOUR TROUBLES
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
IF I WERE RICH
OPENING
WITHOUT THE DOLE
HOW HE WAS CAUGHT
MY PENSION
IN HIS EYES
ANOTHER HOME
OFF FOR A HOLIDAY
ON SUNDAY
SEEMS ALL WRONG
THE GIRL HE ADMIRES
AT HER BEST
CONTROLLING THE TRAFFIC
NO EXCUSE
HARD TO EXPLAIN
UNREASONABLE
COMING A CROPPER
HER CHARM
MORNING TILL NIGHT
CONJURING
FRESH DAILY
THE BOSS'S CHAIR
SELDOM SAID
THE WRONG LABEL
VERY RARE
CONQUERING HERO
A MISER
WAY THINGS HAPPEN
POOR SUBSTITUTE
AT LARGE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £6, £3, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 518 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words**, having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH *Bullet*:—"CAGED" WILL BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL *Bullet*:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC *Bullet*:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 519, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(519) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(519) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(519) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(519) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 520.

WHAT THE BOSS SAID—DISAPPOINTING HER—IN THE TWILIGHT—WHAT FUN—FROM FRANCE—NOT INVENTED YET—DULL LIFE—WHY WE GRUMBLE—NEARLY READY—SINCE HE PROPOSED—UNHEEDED—A BIT GREEN—FOR HER SAKE—BEST OF THE BUNCH—UNDER COVER—WHILE IT LASTS—CATCHING UP—BEHIND HIS BACK—LEFT OVER—FOR OUR PAINS.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 1.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **520** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed **"BULLETS" No. 520, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 519.

☞ Bullets "Guineas" Result (Competition No. 517) will appear next week.

Stops Skin Pain.

The frightful pain of Dermatitis and Ulcers, the irritation of Eczema, the discomfort of all Skin Troubles, are soothed at a touch by GERMOLENE.

Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

Mr. H. Pates's Statement.

Mr. H. Pates, of 81, Hessel Road, West Ealing, London, W.13, says: "Some months ago a rash appeared on my arm and the pain was awful. The eruption spread to the other arm and my legs, and even to the back of my neck. The pain was so severe that I could not sleep. I had advice, but remained without relief, and some of the things I tried nearly drove me mad. The trouble was dermatitis, and I continued to suffer agonies until I got Germolene. That night I had the first real sleep I had known for weeks. From then onwards the trouble grew less, and now it has quite gone."

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-.**

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Rheumatism!

Cure Guaranteed

PUT AN END TO YOUR TORTURE
There is no longer any reason why you should suffer excruciating pain.
END IT NOW AND FOR EVER.
Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, and all rheumatic ailments yield to this new and wonderful cure.
"MOSMAN'S RHEUMATIC CURE" will drive all the Uric Acid Crystals out of your system: the first dose will be "The Dawn of a New Life" for YOU, and, in from 2 weeks to 2 months, you will be absolutely cured—no matter how old you are, or how long you may have suffered.

A high government official of Sydney, N.S.W. who suffered from Rheumatism for years, and paid hundreds of pounds to doctors, was bed-ridden and supposed to be incurable. He was cured in three months by this treatment. "It will do the same for you."

No Drugs
No Poisons
Taken Night & Morning.

MOSMAN'S
RHEUMATIC CURE

To put this cure within the reach of every sufferer—
SPECIALLY REDUCED Prices
5/- Size, 2/6 10/- Size, 5/- 20/- Size, 10/-

THIS OFFER MAY NOT BE REPEATED. It is not obtainable at all chemists, but may be obtained post free from the Sole Manufacturers:

MOSMAN, Ltd., 63, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

18,702 BRITISH DOCTORS Have Already Taken Up CICFA for INDIGESTION

and HUNDREDS of these DOCTORS HAVE WRITTEN us of the SPLENDID RESULTS they have obtained by its use in PRACTICE and in their HOMES

Physicians' names and addresses must never be published; therefore, when an official physician wrote us doubting the accuracy of our statements, we invited him to call and examine the original letters and cards which we had received from thousands of those physicians. He called, bringing a solicitor to assist him in making a thorough investigation. After they had completed the examination he declared that all his doubts were removed, and that he was entirely satisfied, for he had found all our statements correct.

WHEN SO MANY BRITISH DOCTORS ARE SATISFIED WITH CICFA YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY BEGIN TAKING IT AT ONCE.

Cicfa, by supplying the Natural Digestive Ferments, ensures the digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel. When CICFA is taken there is immediate improvement in Stomach Digestion; thus gases, which so often cause pressure and pain felt near the heart, are no longer formed, while that feeling of fullness and sense of weight at the "pit of the Stomach," when Bowel Digestion is beginning, rapidly grows less; Flatulence and Acidity decrease; "Starch Balls" are no longer formed, so that all the contents of the Bowel are digested, the nourishment is absorbed into the system and the refuse naturally expelled.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

	In Stomach	In Bowel
GASES in STOMACH with eructations.		GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.		Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.		ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated white all over.		TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.		COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.		EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.		PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

THE CICFA CO.,
8, DUKE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

John Bull 12/4/24

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